THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 156 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · MAY 15, 1943 NUMBER 20

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 685

EDITORIALS

Tunisia and After 687
John L.'s Show 688
Chinese Claustrophobia 689
Bolivia—the Facts 690

ARTICLES

Capital Notes *by I. F. Stone* 691
Why China Is Worried 693
How Our Enemies Fight. I. Styles in Strategy *by Gordon Cooper* 696
Fifty Years Ago in *The Nation* 698
The Farmers Can Take It *by Richard E. Stockwell* 699
In the Wind 700

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Undermining the Underground *by A. del V.* 701
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 702
Europe Against Hitler. III. The Passive Resisters *by John W. Gerber and Alfred Kantorowicz* 704

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Unknown Army *A Poem by Mark van Doren* 707
Life on the "Obit" Page *by Irwin Edman* 707
Wrapped in Mystery *by Albert Guérard* 708
"Non-Combatants" *by Marcus Duffield* 710
Citizen of the World *by Hermann Kesten* 711
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 712
In Brief 714
Art *by Jean Connolly* 714
Drama: Over Most of These Stations *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 714
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 716

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 717

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 13 *by Jack Barrett* 720

Editor and Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor ROBERT BENDINER
Washington Editor I. F. STONE
Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Associate Editors
KEITH HUTCHISON MAXWELL S. STEWART

Music Critic B. H. HAGGIN
Drama Critic JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Board of Contributing Editors
NORMAN ANGELL • JONATHAN DANIELS • LOUIS FISCHER
REINHOLD NIEBUHR • J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Business Manager HUGO VAN ARX
Advertising Manager MARY HOWARD ELLISON

Published weekly and copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

THE ROLLBACK OF VEGETABLE, COFFEE, AND meat prices announced last week by Price Administrator Prentiss Brown may be taken as the Administration's answer to labor's demand that prices and wages be placed on a comparable level. Unfortunately, the answer is not good enough. A 15 to 25 per cent reduction in the price of fresh vegetables at the moment when the summer crop is coming on the market is not a genuine "rollback" at all, since the seasonal decline is usually much greater. The same applies to the proposed cut in butter prices. The rollback in coffee prices is almost meaningless in view of the drastic rationing restrictions. Of greater significance is the promise to reduce meat prices by approximately 10 per cent, but even here skeptics may point to the fact that hog prices have been easing recently because of the reduced demand resulting from rationing. The sincerity of the whole rollback program is further brought into question by the publication of the new flat community-wide ceiling prices for 300 food items. While the new ceilings have the advantage of uniformity and are thus helpful in enforcement, they tend to raise the existing ceilings of all small stores to the highest level in any of them. No effort was made to take advantage of this opportunity to reduce prices even to the extent of adopting the level of the more efficient, moderate-price stores.

*

THE OPA'S PROPOSAL TO USE SUBSIDIES TO protect the processor against losses in the rolling back of food prices is sound under the circumstances. Britain's success in stabilizing prices and wages is almost wholly due to the judicious use of subsidies. The government is already paying subsidies to help hold down the price of a long list of articles. These include canned tomatoes, peas, corn, and snap beans, cheddar cheese, coffee, cocoa, sugar, tea, oil seeds, petroleum products, and coal. Despite this extensive, and on the whole successful, use of subsidies, Congress is reported to be up in arms against the OPA's latest proposal. Opposition is strongest among the members of the farm bloc, which has gone whole hog for inflation. But there are others who fear that by perpetuating the illusion of low living costs the subsidies will conceal the continuing peril of inflation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is a well-founded objection. The payment of subsidies does not provide a new and magic way for controlling the inflationary spiral. That can be achieved only by tackling the reservoir of the excess purchasing power created by the war. But our choice at the moment, in terms of political realities, is not between taxation and subsidies but between subsidies and the chaos of an uncontrolled inflation.

✶

ONE OF THE STANDARD DEFENSES OF THE Darlan deal, we recall, was the asserted belief that half of North Africa had never heard of De Gaulle and the other half would have none of him. However much we might regret the unpopularity of the Free French, ran the argument, we must be "realistic" and turn the widespread Pétainist sympathy to our own ends. Events have been dealing harshly with this particular rationalization. No sooner was the Giraud regime induced to end the political persecution of the De Gaullists than the Cross of Lorraine mushroomed from Casablanca to Bizerte, and shouts of "*Vive* De Gaulle!" were raised at embarrassingly inappropriate occasions. It has taken the Allied entrance into Tunis, however, to give the myth the *coup de grâce*. It was not General Giraud who won the cheers of the French in the liberated city, but De Gaulle. In fact, according to Drew Middleton, who entered the capital with the victorious troops, Giraud is almost unknown in Tunis, while the Fighting French leader is everywhere hailed as the symbol of resistance. "In one coastal town," writes the New York *Times* correspondent, "recruiting centers for General Giraud and General de Gaulle opened side by side. The first day General de Gaulle got 412 recruits, General Giraud got 4." When the people of Tunis asked about the French army, "they meant General Leclerc's Fighting French force, not the French Nineteenth Corps under General Giraud." All of which lends point to Giraud's refusal to receive De Gaulle at Algiers, presumably for fear of the enthusiastic public demonstrations that would mark his arrival. Point or no point, however, we hope De Gaulle will not make an issue of the meeting place. The question hardly merits so much emphasis, and continued bickering over it only serves to give both principals an air of the prima donna.

✶

INTERPRETERS OF SOVIET POLICY HAVE NOT had an easy task during the past few weeks. The oracles of the Kremlin have given them plenty of material to work on, but one day's utterance has often seemed to be contradicted by that of the next. For instance, Stalin's letter to the New York *Times* correspondent, Ralph Parker, on May 5 emphasized the desire of the Soviet government for "a strong and friendly Poland" and spoke of its willingness to base relations with that country after the war either "upon the fundament of solid good-neighborly relations" or upon an alliance of mutual assistance against Germany. Even though this statement carefully avoided the prickly boundary question, it was taken as an assurance that Russia was not seeking to reduce Poland to the status of a client state. A step seemed to have been taken toward healing the deplorable breach in relations which followed the Polish government's swallowing of Goebbels's baited hook. Two days later, however, Vice Foreign Commissar Vishinsky came out with a blasting bill of indictment against the Polish government, charging it with failure to keep agreements regarding the Polish army and with espionage under cover of relief activities. In spite of a comparatively mild Polish reply, the rift between the two governments remains as deep as ever; nor is it likely to be shrunk by the organization of a Polish legion under Russian auspices. But if the Kremlin's mood toward the Sikorski government remains unrelenting, it has been at pains to improve its relations with America and Britain. It realizes, perhaps, that its rather brutal retort to Polish blundering has produced unfavorable reactions and is anxious to mend its diplomatic fences.

✶

HOUSE ACTION ON THE HULL TRADE PACTS is expected to cleave closely to party lines following the filing of a vigorous Republican minority report in the Ways and Means Committee. Recognizing that the Hull trade program has general public support among most groups interested in trade policy, the Republicans have dug up several rather ingenious arguments to explain their opposition to the pacts. They contend (1) that the reciprocal program is wholly inadequate to deal with post-war trade problems; (2) that it is not truly reciprocal because of the most-favored-nation clause; and (3) that the subject of tariffs and trade policy is properly a matter for Congress. The first of these arguments is unquestionably valid. If we are to restore a sound international economy after the war, we shall need something more effective than reciprocal trade pacts to break down the elaborate restrictive devices created by economic nationalism in the past fifteen years. No one would deny this, least of all Secretary Hull. But all experience in trade policy proves beyond question the necessity for maintaining an unconditional most-favored-nation policy. Otherwise reciprocity rapidly deteriorates into haggling, and tariff negotiations become an ill-concealed form of economic warfare. The proposal to subject the agreements to Congressional review has, of course, but one object: the prevention of any reduction in tariffs by the reintroduction of log-rolling tactics. Our years of experience with Congressional tariff-making constitute the most powerful argument for keeping the details of tariff negotiation wholly in the hands of a non-political administrative body.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE HAS added to the incredible tax muddle by rejecting the House-approved Forand bill and adopting a "modified" Ruml plan. The "modifications" consist chiefly of a series of changes designed to lighten the burden of the well-to-do income-tax payer. The new bill is expected to be passed by the Senate, and hope for salvaging some revenue from last year's war-inflated incomes appears to rest almost entirely with the House leadership—backed by the prospect of a Presidential veto. The utter inconsistency of forgiving a year's taxes—and thus releasing a huge reserve of spending power—at a time when the Administration is struggling to "hold the line" on prices and wages appears not to have dawned on the average Senator. But we can be certain that organized labor and the farm bloc will be quick to seize upon the Senate's remarkable generosity to the higher income groups—the only ones benefiting from the Finance Committee's action—to demand reconsideration of the President's wage- and price-freezing orders. It will be extraordinarily difficult to say to the miners, for example, that they are not entitled to a $2-a-day wage boost when the government is making a gift of some $9,500,000,000 to that part of the population that is well enough off to pay income taxes.

*

THE ODYSSEY OF ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN IS a dopester's gold mine, yielding rumor at every seam. The latest story is that the Archbishop is soon to go to Moscow, where he will negotiate a concordat between the Kremlin and the Vatican, and that the project has the advance blessing of the governments of Eire and Spain. The report comes from a sober source, and several recent developments serve to give it more plausibility than it would ever have had in the past. Chief of these events is the crisis precipitated in Spanish exile circles in Mexico a few months ago by the following injunction which the Communists among them, according to the London *New Leader*, received from Moscow: "The Spanish Communist Party must envisage the suppression of Article 26 of the Spanish Republican Constitution [the separation of church and state] and consider the Catholic church as the state church in Spain." Following this same line, the Communists of Mexico have been urging an extension of the "National Front" to embrace Francoists and clerical politicians of—shall we say?—an extremely illiberal persuasion. The result is that the party in that country has suffered dissension, expulsions, and resignations. Other straws in the wind are the effort of the Axis radio to block any possible understanding by alleging that the Soviet Union is conducting a "campaign against the Pope" and the vigorous denial by the Moscow radio of these "mendacious reports . . . fabricated from beginning to end." So far the Vatican hasn't made any open overtures—unless, of course, you count the Legion of Decency's indorsement of "Mission to Moscow" as "unobjectionable for adults." Come to think of it, that's going pretty far.

*

MAYOR LAGUARDIA HAS LET DOWN THE citizens of New York once again by failing to reappoint Mrs. Johanna M. Lindlof as Queens representative on the Board of Education. While it is generally agreed that Dr. George H. Chatfield, who was appointed to replace Mrs. Lindlof, is a capable educator well qualified for the post, Mrs. Lindlof's excellent record during her seven years of unpaid service to the board should have assured her preferential treatment. The fact that Dr. Chatfield is only nominally a resident of Queens may not seem important, but it makes the Mayor's action even less defensible. And it was all the more bewildering because Mrs. Lindlof has just distinguished herself by her brilliant and courageous defense of Mark Starr during the long controversy over his appointment as director of adult education. Mayor LaGuardia had presumably favored Starr's appointment, but instead of taking advantage of the expiration of the term of Dr. Bonaschi—who opposed Starr—to bring more liberal blood into the board, he retained Bonaschi and discharged the board's ablest and most consistently liberal member. In the absence of any reasonable explanation of his capricious behavior, some weight must be given to Mrs. Lindlof's charge that the Mayor acted "for purposes of his personal political strategy." There was a time when the Mayor's personal strategy coincided with that of all groups interested in good government in New York City. But that time seems to have passed beyond recall.

Tunisia and After

IN OUR issue of May 1 we wrote: "The days of the Axis in Tunisia are numbered, but will the number be high or low?" The question has now been answered more favorably than we then dared to hope. Fighting with marvelous élan, the Allied army—the heat of battle has welded it into one grand offensive machine—burst through the mountain wall which guarded the last Axis stronghold in Africa and inflicted a total defeat on a demoralized enemy. The anticipated German stand at Bizerte, with its much-vaunted defenses, was never made, and the veterans who were to die in the last ditch are surrendering in droves. As we write, an estimated half of the Axis troops in Tunisia are prisoners, while the remnants are being driven into the Cape Bon peninsula—a bottleneck from which not many thousands are likely to escape.

After Stalingrad, "Tunisgrad." The myth of the invincibility of the *Wehrmacht* is no more. Nor can the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extent of its defeat be minimized by the explanation that it was overwhelmed by vast Allied superiority in numbers and matériel. True, there was such superiority, but in addition to being outnumbered the Axis was outfought and outgeneraled. Its soldiers fought well as long as they held their strong positions in the mountains, but once this advantage was lost they proved unable to rally. Moreover, the Axis command was fooled into believing that its biggest danger was in the south and southeast, and there its best troops and its armor were concentrated when the Allies broke through in the north and center.

It is a famous victory, for which all concerned deserve the praise that is pouring in from every quarter. But its historical significance depends on how it is followed up. The loop around *Festung Europa* has been closed, and nearly eight months of 1943 remain for the task of drawing it tighter. Hitler must now guard a vast perimeter, and he cannot be strong in all places at once. The initiative is in the hands of the United Nations, and it is they who will choose the coming battlefields. How grim the situation looks to fascist eyes is suggested by Franco's discovery that continued fighting is senseless.

At present Hitler's Europe is threatened from four major directions. In the east the Red Army remains intact and formidable. Perhaps Hitler will attempt once more to destroy it, and a German offensive in Europe starting within the next few weeks is still in the cards. But at the moment the only activity on the eastern front is in the Kuban, where it looks as if the German defenders of Novorossisk might be trapped in much the same manner as were the defenders of Tunisia. Significant, too, is the new Russian air offensive, which is taking a heavy toll of German planes. This may indicate an effort to keep the Luftwaffe occupied in the east pending some new stroke in the west.

Where might such a stroke fall? The invasion of France or the Low Countries remains the most direct route to the heart of the enemy, and it offers the fewest difficulties in communications and the greatest opportunities of aerial protection in establishing bridgeheads. But this is also the most strongly fortified coastline in Europe, as well as the region in which the Germans can concentrate most rapidly to repel attack.

Meanwhile the Nazis are indicating concern about the southeastern corner of Europe, and they are reported to be reinforcing the Balkans and the Greek islands. This activity may be a blind, but it is to be noted that a strong British army has been built up in the Near East. Its original purpose was to protect Syria, Palestine, and Egypt against a thrust from the north, but with the new situation in the Mediterranean it may be given a new role.

The victory in Tunisia, however, concentrates attention on the possibilities of an attack on Italy, for the momentum which the Allied army has gathered in Africa may well carry it across the Mediterranean. Sicily is but ninety miles distant, and the conquest of that island is a necessary preliminary to the invasion of the Italian mainland. Besides, control of the Mediterranean, which is worth millions of tons of shipping to our side, cannot be complete while Sicily remains in Axis hands.

The morale of the Allied army in Tunisia is at zenith; its losses, while considerable, have probably been less heavy than anticipated; it is backed by tremendous air power and supported by strong reserves in Morocco and Algeria. Under the circumstances it seems probable that it will be given the chance to win fresh laurels even though the main attack on the fortress may come elsewhere. But strike somewhere we must and that quickly. For the real test of generalship is the exploitation of success.

John L.'s Show

AFTER months of oblivion and frustration, John Llewellyn Lewis is staging his long-planned war-time show. His campaign in the coal fields has already intensified unrest within the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.; his fight has been cheered at a conference of the C. I. O.'s Automobile Workers' Union; and most of his foes within the labor movement have maintained an unhappy silence. As this is written, the decisive episodes in the coal case are still ahead; the fifteen-day truce is on, and the "war of nerves" between Lewis and Franklin D. Roosevelt continues. But whatever happens, some things are abundantly clear. Lewis's performance has dramatized the irresponsibility of his war-time role. It has also revealed the incipient chaos in the nation's war-time labor program.

So far Lewis has played his hand ruthlessly, without apparent regard for the nation's production needs or the comments of the Axis radio. His timing has been astute, and his talent for creating a crisis atmosphere was never better revealed than in the past few weeks. Yet the fundamental sources of his strength in this conflict are neither his imagination nor his rhetoric. Those are supplementary tools. His real weapons are his repudiation of any responsibility for the war effort and the breakdown of the government's price-control program.

Lewis is operating free of the inhibitions which restrain other labor leaders. He has bluntly stated that he does not regard the fight against inflation as his fight, just as he had hinted in the past that he did not view the war against Hitlerism as his war. He is not a partner in the war program, and he delights in mocking those labor chiefs who have assumed the obligations he scorns. To Lewis the no-strike pledge was a momentary bargain, to be discarded when he chose, rather than a voluntary commitment for the duration. Other union leaders have clung to the pledge because they do not share his frivo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lous attitude toward the war. Lewis has not hesitated to exploit their feelings.

This is one-half of his strength. Yet he would not appear so formidable a threat, either to the country or to rival union leaders, if his bid for a comeback had not occurred in a time of virtual collapse of the price-control system. To the men who shut the mines on April 30 the issue was the high cost of living. The same issue has been agitating thousands of other workers in other areas. And now, belatedly, and as a result of Lewis's drastic forms of pressure, the Administration has begun to acknowledge what C. I. O. and A. F. of L. leaders were saying in less bellicose tones many months ago. After a survey of prices in mining towns ordered by President Roosevelt a few days before the mine strike began, the Office of Price Administration admits that failure to enforce its own price ceilings has added 5 per cent to the cost of food. Correlating this report with earlier investigations of other commodities, the OPA sadly confesses: "The opinion was unanimous that food costs in mining communities are approximately the same as those in comparable communities." Thus in the face of Lewis's indictment, the government's only defense is that price control has been as ineffective generally as it has been in mine communities.

Simultaneously, while Lewis has been leveling his sharpest attack against the National War Labor Board, the board itself is in a state of demoralization as a result of the removal of its power to adjust "inequities." Under the terms of the executive order of April 8 it has been reduced to the role of statistician, determining whether proposed wage increases are within the 15 per cent provision of the "Little Steel" formula. Its freedom of judgment has been virtually eliminated. A. F. of L. and C. I. O. members of the board are talking of resignations at a moment when the board is engaged in a life-and-death battle with Lewis.

It is true that Lewis's United Mine Workers' *Journal* has in the past scoffed at the whole price-control idea; that the U. M. W. has done little within the mining towns to police prices; that Lewis was waging his crusade against the War Labor Board long before its powers were curbed. But Lewis makes no fetish of consistency, and the workers to whom he is appealing—in the mines and elsewhere—are not concerned about such details either. They discover that the first major Administration action to roll back prices is taken as an immediate consequence of the May 1 strike in the mines. They find that President Roosevelt orders a probe of violations of price ceilings when the U. M. W. begins to press its fight. We do not say that such actions should have been delayed longer to prevent the appearance of conceding to Lewis. We say that they should have been taken many weeks ago, before the Lewis-made crisis developed.

If Lewis persists in his defiance of the War Labor Board and permits a strike again next week, the government will probably have no choice except to seek to break the strike, by appeals if possible, by uglier methods if necessary. In any circumstances Lewis cannot lose; he either snatches a victory or poses as martyr. There is no decent, clear-cut solution now because the situation was allowed to deteriorate so long; because so little was done by the OPA to alleviate the roots of the miners' discontent; because the "housewives' revolt" was allowed to spread until Lewis suddenly crystallized the issue; because the formulation of government labor policy is diffused through so many agencies and so many competing officials that no coherent plan to meet this situation was framed; and finally because the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., unwilling to raise hell in the terms which Lewis employed, were ignored or turned aside when they sought undemonstratively to lay these problems before the Administration.

This country needs coal, and no labor leader has the right to stand in the way. But the editorial writers who now piously defend the War Labor Board need to recall some of their own efforts to undermine that agency; the columnists who decry Lewis's tactics should divert some of their anger to the need for drastic enforcement of price ceilings. The miners follow Lewis because he articulates their own dissatisfaction and resentment. Others will follow Lewis unless the Administration fulfils its price pledges, grants authentic recognition to the labor leaders who have remained loyal to the war effort, and establishes some centralized machinery for the handling of war-time labor problems.

Chinese Claustrophobia

IT WAS good to learn last week that Liberator bombers had reached China and had successfully attacked the major Japanese base on Hainan Island. We are sure that every additional plane sent to China is warmly welcomed as a token of unity with America, as well as for its military value. But effective aid to China must remain meager until some land corridor is opened, and early prospects for such a development are unpromising. The small-scale campaign in Burma undertaken by General Wavell last winter bogged down before achieving its first important objective—the port of Akyab—and now the rainy season precludes any further move in that theater until next fall.

Meanwhile, the sense of frustration in China grows. The military threat offered to the Chungking regime by Japan is not very acute, according to the distinguished Chinese scholar whose letters we publish on page 693. But the economic situation goes from bad to worse, fostering the growth of political tensions, domestic and foreign. All but isolated physically from its allies, China

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feels more and more isolated psychologically. It is, in fact, suffering from political claustrophobia.

In China the decision to "beat Hitler first" is not fully understood and is bitterly resented. *The Nation* has always defended that decision, believing that from the point of view of global strategy it is entirely justified, but we deplore the fact that more has not been done to make it palatable to the Chinese, for whom it means postponement of the day of liberation. Little attempt has been made—particularly in London—to remove the fears and suspicions which our contributor reports. The agreement reached last year for the abandonment of extra-territorial privileges was a step in the right direction, but its effects have been offset by indications that Britain was not prepared to surrender its claims to Hongkong.

The imperialist pronouncements of Winston Churchill and other British ministers have also disturbed China, which contemplates with dismay the prospect of a return, after the war, to the status quo ante in the Far East. As our Chinese friend emphasizes, China has a large interest in the future of the European colonies in southeastern Asia. Millions of Chinese settled in these territories have suffered from discriminations which will seem even less tolerable in the future. Moreover, any attempt to revive unchanged the imperialist regimes of the past, which so lamentably failed to protect their subjects from invasion, must create political disaffection and offer a standing threat to the peace of Asia.

The Chinese, wrongly but understandably, tend to regard the Anglo-American program of beating Hitler first as symbolic of unwillingness to grant China equality. No responsible person suggests that this program should be modified, but it should not be beyond the resources of statesmanship to remove Chinese suspicions. A British offer to relinquish its sovereignty over Hongkong would prove as great a tonic to Chinese morale as a major victory over the Japanese. It would be a token of true partnership, a disavowal of any intention of treating China as a second-class state, now or at the peace table.

Bolivia—the Facts

THE blood of Bolivian miners is on the hands of General Enrique Penaranda, president of that country, now visiting the United States. The labor movement could make no greater contribution to genuine hemispheric solidarity than by showing its displeasure during the President's visit and demanding the release of the union leaders still held on his orders in jail and in concentration camps in remote jungles. The workers of Latin America must be made to feel by concrete measures that we are determined to make our country the Good Neighbor of the common people in their countries rather than the collaborator of tin kings and other exploiters.

For the actual facts of the Catavi massacre of last December 21 the labor movement is indebted to the courageous and outspoken report filed by Martin C. Kyne, vice-president of the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America, the C. I. O.'s representative on the recent commission to Bolivia. Kyne's separate report fills the gaping omissions in the official one, which skirted around the tin strike, though the strike was the actual reason for sending a commission to Bolivia at all. Workers in the rich Patino mines, averaging 70 cents a day and suffering from inflated food costs in the company stores, asked for a 100 per cent raise in wages last September. Management refused to reply, and the Ministry of Labor waited forty-five days before it even acknowledged receipt of the union's demands. The government lined up immediately with the mine owners. Under the conditions revealed by Kyne this was to be expected, for the tin kings of Bolivia are so powerful that they take it upon themselves to declare the law. "They interpret labor laws," Kyne reports, "and declare them unconstitutional when it suits their interest."

Patino officers in La Paz wired the manager of the mines at Catavi, ". . . the President of the Republic assures us that preventive measures have been taken and suggests vigilance in order to report these agitators." In December a state of siege was declared, union leaders were arrested, company stores closed. Soldiers precipitated a demonstration when they refused to let women go in search of food. At 10 a.m. on December 21 soldiers opened fire on the demonstrators, and firing continued until 3 p.m. The government admits that nineteen workers were killed and forty wounded. "How many Bolivian miners and their wives and children died . . . may never be known," Kyne writes. "One official who was on the spot declared that at least 400 dead were buried that day." This affair was represented by press dispatches from Bolivia as an uprising inspired by the Nazis.

The parallel between the arguments used against better wages in Bolivia and the instructions cabled by Hull on December 2 to our ambassador in Bolivia is striking. The argument was that wages could not be raised without interfering with Bolivia's international obligations to the United States. Exactly the opposite is true. Efficient production is impossible on the basis of the terrorism and miserable conditions revealed in the Kyne report. We assure the workers of Bolivia that the attitude taken by the State Department does not reflect the feelings of the American people, of the President, or of the Vice-President, and we call on the labor movement to unite, as Kyne suggests, in a joint council on Latin American relations to show workers below the Rio Grande that we mean what we say when we speak of the Four Freedoms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capital Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 9

I SUSPECT that we shall be able to learn a good deal about the actual course of our policy as regards the shape of the post-war world by watching the foreign property holders' protective committee, organized by the National Foreign Trade Council. The head of the committee is the influential James A. Moffett, chairman of the board of the California Texas Oil Company, which has large interests in the Near East. One of his former subordinate executives in that area, Max W. Thornburg, is head of the Office of the Petroleum Adviser in the State Department. The purpose of the new committee is to recover American property in Axis-occupied countries and "to maintain close contact with the proper authorities to procure speedy protection of property rights and interests in territories occupied or reoccupied by the Allied nations." The committee is unlikely to encourage friendliness toward underground movements with leftist connections not over-sympathetic to property rights. "We are already at work," said the committee's first statement. One might have gathered as much from our coolness to De Gaulle, who is rightist enough to please the State Department but unwilling to jimcrow the left in his fight for the rebirth of France.

Two basic forces are molding our policy on the future of Europe. One is the desire of American corporations to get their property back and to create the most favorable conditions possible for profitable operations. This dictates hostility not merely to communism but to more moderate socialist programs. The other is the desire to reconstitute in Axis and occupied countries those powerful opposite numbers so necessary if the cartel system is to be revived—I. G. Farben, the Comité des Forges, Mitsui, etc. Of these two motives, the second is the stronger, for "cooperation to maintain stable prices and markets" is more important financially than the property holdings. Let no one think the cartel system is dead. Powerfully and persistently the case for reviewing cartels is being pressed on every agency of government, from Justice to State, which has any authority in the matter. A principal argument put forward is that the British and Dutch intend to revive their cartels.

There must be a new crisis approaching in the War Production Board, for it is again being hinted that Chairman Donald M. Nelson is about to appoint two labor vice-chairmen. Whenever Nelson finds himself in serious conflict with the army and navy, or otherwise in danger of losing his job, there are (1) coy reports that he is on the verge of giving labor full representation at top WPB levels, and (2) dark whispers that the country is in danger of being taken over by the military unless Nelson's hand is upheld. Once labor and liberal support has been rallied, and the danger averted, Nelson shelves both the bogy and the promises until the next crisis. He first promised to appoint two labor vice-chairmen last summer when Philip Murray of the C. I. O. and William Green of the A. F. of L. stepped in and saved him from being swallowed by the Army-Navy Munitions Board.

Nelson has been dropping the handkerchief to the labor movement for a long time. Sidney Hillman's support helped make it possible for Nelson to supersede Knudsen when the OPM became the WPB after Pearl Harbor, but Nelson did nothing to keep Hillman from being eased out of the picture shortly afterward. Labor, from a theoretical equality with capital in the OPM (Knudsen and Hillman), has been pushed steadily downward under Nelson in the WPB. The innocuous Labor Production Division was even denied jurisdiction over the drive for labor-management committees, lest it provide labor with a voice in management's problems at a level higher than the suggestion box.

"It was known," says a new story on the imminent appointment of two labor vice-chairmen, "that WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson would insist that any labor appointee must drop his union connection completely for the period of government employment, just as management officials have been required to sever their business connections before being brought into WPB policy-making posts." They must have chuckled over that one in the privacy of the special dining-room for WPB executives on the fifth floor of the Social Security building. Many of the dollar-a-year men continue to draw salaries from their companies while serving in Washington, and some of them manage to spend a day or so a week back at the home office, handling their private business affairs.

In this connection I might report that while I know nothing of that House on R Street, I am not impressed by the recurrent hullabaloo—from Congressmen silent about more serious matters—over brokers in war-contract business. No doubt many of these brokers cut some sharp corners and a few of them may be crooks, but they have a useful function for the friendless small business man who must otherwise wear out the seat of his pants in WPB and army waiting-rooms. Big business men have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their dollar-a-year representatives in the WPB and barred, oak-leaved, or starred ones in the army: their lawyers and bankers turn up conveniently as WPB or War Department officials for the duration. A small business man is lucky if he has enough influence to get a room in a hotel. The broker is worth his fee to both the business man and the country. His job is no more reprehensible than that of any other middleman, and has the same economic justification. If the extra charge makes it possible for the business man to stay in his factory, where he is useful, instead of running around Washington, where he is a menace to his own morale, it is well paid.

Treat a man like a bootlegger, and he will oblige by being furtive; recognize his function, and he will grow more respectable in his habits. The way to curb the abuses of brokerage—I find it hard to conceal a yawn when I hear people talk of them—is to end the pretense about it. I note that the Federal Trade Commission has cited Willys-Overland for advertisements claiming credit for the jeep. The FTC says the jeep was developed by the American Bantam Car Company of Butler, Pennsylvania, "in collaboration with certain officers of the United States army." The FTC complaint fully confirms my inside story on the jeep published in *The Nation* of December 14, 1940. Ford and Willys, thanks to the strategic positions occupied by friends and dollar-a-year employees in Washington, were able to take the jeep away from the company which helped develop it, though the latter was and for all I know may still be badly in need of war work. Bantam's Washington representative, a former army officer, served a doubly useful purpose in this case. He not only obtained at least one contract for Bantam but helped G-4 sell the idea of the jeep to reluctant War Department higher-ups. Yet the RFC, which will complacently sign blank checks for Alcoa and Standard Oil, declined to recognize his salary and expenses as legitimate items on a bill presented by the Bantam Company.

Edwin W. Pauley, secretary of the Democratic National Committee, has been in Mexico trying to obtain a concession to build an aviation-gas plant. This, while improper, is not surprising, for the Democratic National Committee is quite an organization for the grinding of private axes. (Another of its notables is Oscar R. Ewing, who serves both the National Committee and the Aluminum Company of America.) Up here Pauley calls himself an "independent" oil man, but below the border Mexicans say he represents himself as a spokesman for Standard of California. In California, Pauley's home state, he is regarded with dislike by progressives, and there is a tendency to snort when his "independent" status as an oil man is mentioned. He is felt to have been a decidedly non-progressive influence at Sacramento on Governor Olson, and he is a close friend of Ralph K. Davies, the Deputy Petroleum Administrator for War, a Standard of California man. Pauley was one of the men who sponsored Davies for the job in the Petroleum Administration.

Davies is now going to bat for Pauley behind the scenes on the ground that Pauley represents "independents" in the Mexican field while the State Department is trying to sneak the old Standard Oil companies back into Mexico. This is not too plausible, since Davies has not shown too tender a concern in the past for independents and the Mexican oil dispute is one of the few cases in which the State Department has followed a democratic policy. Davies is striking some noble attitudes. He declares that the State Department is hostile to Pauley and his "independents" and is backing the Universal Oil Products Company to build an aviation-gas plant in Mexico, and that this will enable the Standard Oil crowd to make a comeback below the border. An effort was made to plant a distorted story on this correspondent, who is known not to be fond of either the State Department or Standard Oil, in the hope that he would inadvertently do a little ax-grinding for Pauley. A State Department source I have found trustworthy in the past tells me that while the new Mexican aviation-gas plant will be financed by an Export-Import Bank loan and engineered by Universal Oil Products, it will be wholly owned by the Mexican government. I am handing in a verdict in favor of the State Department.

Though the Truman committee ducked the question in its report on the aviation-gas controversy, I am inclined to think Under Secretary of War Patterson and Secretary of the Interior Ickes right and Rubber Director William M. Jeffers wrong. From my little cubby-hole it looks as if present rubber-expansion plans call for an over-all production much in excess of essential needs while the program itself is lopsidedly given over almost entirely to Buna S. But it seems to me, from the testimony before the Truman committee, that the need for more aviation gas is overwhelming and undeniable. We could also use more ingenuity in breaking the bottlenecks in production of the components needed for both programs, though I understand that WPB Vice-Chairman C. E. Wilson is making determined and praiseworthy efforts in this crucial sector of the war program.

Coming in *The Nation*

Ely Culbertson maintains that what Louis Fischer analyzed in The Nation *of April 24 was not his plan for world peace but rather "The Culbertson Plan à la Fischer." In next week's issue he promises to "take apart that plan, put it together again, and throw it at Mr. Fischer."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why China Is Worried

[*The letters that follow were written by a Chinese observer whose identity cannot be revealed but for whose reliability we can vouch. Despite the date of the first letter, we believe its intrinsic interest and the continued importance of its contents justify its publication.*]

Kunming, China, December 6, 1942

THE war situation seems definitely to be turning in our favor. Hitler and Japan may yet have some great surprise in store for the United Nations, but whether it is an attack on Turkey or one on India or a renewed general offensive against us, phenomenal success is very unlikely. This being so, we are perhaps not being too sanguine in hoping for a United Nations general offensive next summer and a final victory by the following winter.

We are fully aware that in order to maintain our self-respect we must not rely on our allies to win the war for us, however handicapped we may be by the lack of planes and heavy artillery. Lately the Generalissimo has been hammering hard on this idea, and I have no doubt that he means it. But to be realistic, I doubt if unaided we can succeed in pushing a million Japanese into the sea, let alone carrying the war to their homeland. I feel that in order to enable the Chinese to maintain their self-respect and not feel inferior, supply of the things we lack is necessary.

In view of the approaching victory the Chinese are discussing the peace in earnest. Willkie's visit and the speeches he has made, both here and after his return, have heightened our interest in post-war reconstruction. The *Fortune* memorandum on peace in the Far East has been eagerly read in Chungking, and a translation of it gained wide publicity. Personally I like best the utterances of Vice-President Wallace, whose vision seems to transcend every other statesman's.

In China there have been some wild suggestions in regard to the disposal of what may be called our border areas. If they were seriously considered by responsible persons, imperialism would be a just accusation. For some months I was rather bothered by the reported existence of that sort of atmosphere in the capital. I was therefore very much relieved when I went to Chungking and found that those who hold such views are either persons of no consequence or talking only flippantly. Since considerable harm seems already to have been done—reports are coming back from both America and England that we are suspected of being imperialistic and extremely nationalistic—the government is now doing its best to discourage any loose discussion. In fact, the Generalissimo took advantage of the meeting of the People's Political Council to declare openly against assuming hegemony in Asia.

The preparation of the peace is in the hands of sane people. As far as I can learn, the stand China is likely to take will arouse little objection in any quarter except on the question of colonies and the future of Japan. Concerning colonies, the consensus is that the old system must go. The idealistically inclined planners want to see it go for obvious reasons; the realistically inclined fear it. The indebtedness of the Kuomintang to the Chinese overseas and the ill-treatment, or at least discriminatory treatment, meted out by the colonial powers to these Chinese strengthen the passion for a change. For the sake of maintaining the United Nations front, responsible Chinese are now suppressing any outcry for a change; but if the colonial powers, especially the British, should remain diehard, as has been indicated by the recent speeches of Churchill and by the London *Times* editorials in reply to Willkie's demand for an elucidation of British policy, then I believe that trouble between the Chinese and the British is inevitable when the war is over. In responsible Chinese circles there is not the slightest ambition to acquire any of the former colonies of the British, French, and Dutch empires in the Far East, with the sole exception of Hongkong. But the Chinese do want to see these colonies placed under international control, with the former colonial powers and also China itself, which has an interest in these areas because of the enormous number of Chinese emigrants settled in them, acting as dominant administrators.

Concerning the future of Japan there is a great deal of controversy here. The reasoning of one school is not very different from that of the French after the last war with respect to the Germans. The Chinese are afraid of Japan and want to prevent it from remaining a military and industrial power. The other view, to which I subscribe, is that such a repressive policy is unworkable. After disarming Japan we should let it continue as an industrial and seafaring power so that it can maintain its prosperity and live at peace with its neighbors. It would be wishful thinking to claim that this view is in the ascendancy. Nevertheless, I am confident that it will prevail if China is convinced that the Anglo-Saxon powers will not play the game of maintaining a strong Japan to serve as a check on a possible Chinese Yellow Peril.

It can readily be seen that this sort of mutual suspicion breeds all kinds of dangers. Our suspicion of the West

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may make us insist on bleeding Japan white, which of course smacks a good deal of imperialism and justifies you in being on your guard. Our suspicion that you want to check us naturally leads us to insist on crippling Japan beyond a measure of recovery. That is why I think irresponsible talk in the West about our tendency to be imperialistic and equally irresponsible talk in China wildly condemning the British Empire both serve to poison the minds of the people.

As far as I can see, the first task of Chinese statesmen after the war is over will be to perfect a political system that will satisfy a major part of the Chinese people and to accelerate the industrialization of the country so as to give it in time an equality with the United States and Russia. Both democratization and industrialization are impossible unless we have stability and also unstinted help from America and Great Britain. The wild talk current in some circles of the West that after the war China will relapse into civil war is too newswise to be true. By newswise I mean imbued with the quality possessed by certain clever newspapermen in China who see so many trees here but fail to see the woods. I myself am disturbed by some recent developments, but I would be a man without any sense of balance or proportion if I permitted myself to think that the ruling class after the war will be devoid of serious intention to achieve both economic and political reforms, or that it will indulge in the suppression of all criticism at home and in caviling at other nations.

Neither the Kuomintang nor the Chinese people as a whole has had too good an opinion of Britain. In their antagonism toward that nation as an imperial power they have failed to appreciate the many admirable traits of the British in Britain. The lukewarmness of the Chamberlain government toward us in the early years of our war and the closing of the Burma Road by Churchill, accompanied by an announcement which failed to make any distinction between right and wrong, left an extremely sour taste. With this as a background you can easily imagine the fury of the Chinese when Hongkong and Singapore were so easily lost, especially in view of the rejection of an offer by the Chinese in those cities to arm themselves for civilian defense. The offer was accepted only when it was too late to be of any effective use. Making matters worse was the discrimination practiced against the natives and the Chinese in the process of evacuation.

The fury was heightened if possible by the Burma disaster, which the Chinese attributed in no small measure to British unwillingness to admit Chinese reinforcements in the beginning and to a complete lack of cooperation throughout the campaign. I used to think that these accusations were largely an attempt at Chinese face-saving. But in Chungking I had a chance to learn more details, and these squared with my earlier information.

While the disaster of the Burma campaign was still being hotly resented, the arrest of the Indian Congress leaders and the subsequent rough talk between London and Chungking made matters worse. It can now be said that Generalissimo Chiang's trip to India was not all honey. He went at the invitation of London, and London also agreed to his seeing the Indian leaders. But after his arrival the British government in India tried first to dissuade him from seeing the Congress leaders and then to insist on summoning Gandhi to New Delhi. The visitor finally won his point, but the unpleasantness remained. At the time of the Cripps mission the Chinese government made clear its support of the proposals and its disapproval of the Congress's stand. But when the arrests came, the Chinese government voiced the wish that the door for negotiations might be left open and repression discontinued. They had hoped that Washington also would do something. Instead Washington remained meticulously correct and silent, and London reacted bitterly.

The Chinese are now worried on three counts concerning British ambitions after the war. The first is that the British will want to restore their old colonial regime to the detriment of the Chinese overseas; the second, that they will insist on preserving a special status for our Manchurian provinces; the third, that they will favor letting Japan keep a large part of its military power to offset us. The third fear is largely disappearing as a result of the assurances given us by the visiting mission of the British Parliament. But the other two suspicions remain.

No doubt Chinese behavior during the war is also a factor in British-Chinese misunderstanding. In the first place it has had a tendency to be haughty and to lack a sense of reality in view of the fact that we cannot win the war without help from the Americans and British. In the early months of this year, as a result of our successes around Changsha, the press of both America and England over-praised us, and the results were harmful.

The whispering campaign recently going on in the United States that China is likely to go imperialistic and unruly has compelled the government to exert itself to counteract that impression by forbidding any open criticism of the British and by disavowing any ambitions concerning other nations' colonies or hegemony in Asia. The visiting mission from the British Parliament was given a welcome that was not equaled even by the one given to Willkie, for whom there was much genuine popular enthusiasm. I hope in return the British will do us justice, lest pent-up feelings again burst out and disrupt the healing process now going on largely on our initiative. I also hope that you in America will do your best to bring us together instead of taking sides in our past quarrel. After all, I am too sincere an admirer of things British to wish anything else.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The economic situation is as grave as ever. There has been little improvement in the administration of domestic affairs. It is a headache with us. We raise a row over these things periodically, but somehow improvement is slow and negligible. If I had no sense of proportion I should agree with some of the foreign correspondents in our midst that we are going to the dogs. But I feel we will yet muddle through, provided there is no famine in the rice-producing provinces of Hunan and Szechuan.

Improvement in the political field is also slow. The Generalissimo as chief executive and also head of the Kuomintang is devoting a large part of his energy to laying a solid foundation for local government. But in the direction of affairs he has introduced insufficient new blood. The more he tries to shoulder all the responsibilities, the more personal becomes his government.

Just now the Communists are lying low. I have no great fear of communism here, since I think post-war Moscow will not be very anxious to embroil itself in foreign quarrels merely for the sake of a few professional Communists in other countries. This, I think, applies to America as well.

March 21, 1943

I was in Chungking a few days ago. As I surveyed the whole war situation from that vantage point I got the impression that our economic position is even more serious than it appears to be on the surface. Increasingly large numbers of people in all parts of the country are being subjected to extremes of hardship. Their misery has by now reached such a state that determination alone is not sufficient to keep up a fighting morale. The government shows casual visitors from abroad nothing but the best and tries to impress upon them the determination of our people to win the war. But a more objective inquiry will disclose that the breaking-point is near. I think it will be a tragic mistake on the part of our allies if they stick to their original plan of doing nothing or little in eastern Asia during the coming months.

There are many people among us who think that if Hitler can be finished in a year's time, Japan's defeat may be accomplished before the fall of 1944. If that were the case we might well afford to wait, but with our economic life going so rapidly downhill, I doubt if we can last much longer unaided.

Aside from the possibility of an economic breakdown, there is of course the military danger. If Japan can press us from three directions at once, squeezing us at the same time from the lower Yangtze, from Sian, and from Burma and Indo-China, it can indeed crush us. But we are not quite afraid of that, for such an all-out effort would require so great a concentration of forces that Japanese strength elsewhere would have to be greatly depleted. I think Japan is far too cautious to do that. Short of an all-out effort, we are not afraid. On the whole, the military danger is decidedly small compared with the economic one.

As far as I can judge, Japan seems to be intent, first, on perfecting the defense of Japan proper, Korea, Manchuria, and North China, and, second, on exploiting the conquered areas. Just now it is not looking for fresh gains. A year from now the United Nations will unquestionably be stronger, but Japan on the other hand will then be in a more secure position. While it is hard to say which will gain more by waiting, China will be the loser in any case, since it will be that much nearer the breaking-point in another year's time.

Chiang Kai-Shek

During the past few months there has been considerable improvement in our relations with Great Britain. The desire to be friendly is mutual. The result is naturally reassuring to both. It goes without saying that Sino-American relations remain warm and close. The departure of Mr. Gauss is leading Chungking to expect that a more active ambassador may be sent. At least I hope so.

March 27

It is very distressing to report that the Churchill speech has almost washed away the recent improvement in our relations with the British. The Chinese government considers Churchill's emphasis on finishing Hitler first—and that not earlier than 1944—to be harmful. When Dill and Arnold were in Chungking, the Generalissimo told them that Churchill's statement after Casablanca, that within the next nine months the Anglo-American powers would try to execute their plans against Hitler, had the effect of informing Japan that it need not worry about an Anglo-Saxon offensive within that period. Hence that statement was injurious to us. And now Churchill, without apparent need, is doing it all over again! It is not unnatural that the more sensitive Chinese feel now that Churchill really does not intend to concern himself with the Japanese until China is on the verge of succumbing. Then perhaps he can appear as the savior of China, thus precluding any possibility of the Chinese raising the cry of equality at the peace conference. I earnestly hope that Mr. Roosevelt can do something to dispel this dismaying picture.

LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
LICENSED TO SMU.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Our Enemies Fight

I. STYLES IN STRATEGY

BY GORDON COOPER

FEW Americans are not secretly convinced that with some knowledge of "basic training" they would be able to step into the shoes of the general staff and whip the tar out of the Nazis. They see themselves as fearless, cool, and resolute, and believe that with a little training and their native common sense it would be simple to solve military problems wisely and promptly at critical moments. This is what an American writer once called the "valor of ignorance." With the prevalence of this feeling that war is a matter of brute force redeemed by courage and discipline, it is not strange that only an insignificant number among us have troubled to become soundly grounded in military science. A survey conducted by the New York *Times* in the summer of 1942 showed that 82 per cent of our institutions of higher learning do not require candidates for a degree to study even history, the very gateway to an understanding of war. As for the science of strategy, it is practically unknown in the United States outside military and naval circles. In the preface to his great book on Stonewall Jackson, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, the English authority, wrote:

> Strategy is a science which repays a student, even if he has no direct concern with military affairs; for not only does a comprehension of its inimitable principles add a new interest to the records of stirring times and great achievements, but it makes him a more useful citizen. In free countries like Great Britain, her colonies, and the United States, the weight of intelligent opinion, in all matters of moment, generally turns the scales; and if it were generally understood that, in regular warfare, success depends on something more than the capacity for handling troops in battle, many far-reaching mistakes might be avoided. The campaigns of the Civil War show how much may be achieved, even with relatively feeble means, by men who have both studied strategy and have the character necessary for its successful practice; and they also show, not a whit less forcibly, what awful sacrifices may be expected from a nation ignorant that such a science exists.

Strategy is a science—the science of applying military means. In projecting and directing great military movements a commander seldom decides the extent of the means placed at his disposal, but he endeavors to employ the resources made available to him so that the objectives of his country's grand strategy will be accomplished in the most efficient manner, or, to use the military term, with economy of force. The supreme and perfect achievement of true strategy would be an operation in which such a disposition by itself caused an opponent to realize the futility of resistance and to surrender without a fight.

Until twenty years ago a commander of armed forces was generally hard put to determine his procedure in planning. The science of strategy was mostly a collection of aphorisms handed down by the artists who had preceded him, and their adoption was a matter of personal preference. Some favored the "Maxims of Napoleon" while others preferred the writings of Frederick, Clausewitz, Jomini, Moltke, Sun Tsu, or one of an endless number of practitioners of the second oldest profession. In a sense, it was mere chance whether the favored maxim of a commander happened to be suited to the job at hand. But in the last twenty years studies in various countries have attempted to distil from these collected works and from military history the principles of strategy. Substantially the same conclusions were reached in each case. While these are stated as principles, they should not be taken as scientific formulas for victory but rather as norms which as a matter of practical sense should be observed in intelligent planning. They may perhaps best be summarized by citing the seven principles laid down by the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in a monograph published in 1936: (1) offensive action, (2) concentration of combat power, (3) economy of force, (4) mobility, (5) surprise, (6) security, (7) cooperation.

Of these the prime factor has been found to be economy of force, which has been characterized by one theoretician as the "law of war." Economy of force means simply that the ends to be achieved must be determined by the means at the disposal of a general, and that the forces used in each successive step of the campaign to reach these ends must be proportioned to the value of the intermediate objective. Never send a boy to do a man's work and never send a man to do a boy's. If an intermediate objective is too costly, pass it up and try another approach. Perfection in economy of force, as in anything else, is unattainable, but any operation should be judged by the degree to which it is achieved.

The corollaries of this "law of war" are mobility and surprise. Mobility, the movement of forces over the face of the earth, can contribute markedly to the surprise of the enemy. Its problems are entirely physical and were best exemplified by the master of this principle, Stonewall Jackson, when he said, "I am forced to sweat them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[his troops] tonight that I may save their blood tomorrow." This has been shortened to the phrase dinned endlessly into the ears of Nazi troops in training: "Sweat saves blood." The sweat can be the mental, or figurative, as well as the physical variety.

The effect of surprise, which can work havoc by upsetting the psychological balance of an opposing commander as well as that of his troops, was so recently and poignantly illustrated at Pearl Harbor that it needs no further explanation. And it would be hard indeed to find a better example of both movement and surprise, for only a short time before that dreadful event a high official had stated that "unlike Singapore" our Hawaiian outpost was not menaced by sudden air attack.

To sum up, economy of force is the first principle of strategy; movement and surprise are corollaries. The other four strategic principles—offensive action, concentration of combat power, security, and cooperation—are almost self-explanatory. They are employed as their use contributes to the more important principles.

At this moment in history there are five world powers: Britain, the Soviet Union, Japan, Germany, and the United States. All five are now locked in a struggle whose outcome will decide not only their fate but that of mankind. Each of them forms a cultural unit and may be said to have a traditional style in the employment of its armed forces which is the result of many factors—the geographic make-up of the power, density of population, historical experience, and so forth. The British Empire does not arrive at the conclusions concerning concentration of combat force that Germany does; and Russia does not put the same value as Japan on the external offensive.

This, at first blush, may sound a great deal like *Geopolitik*, but it is not. *Geopolitik* is concerned with the "laws" of political geography. It attempts to set up objectives for the grand strategy of a country, but, as Moltke has pointed out, military and political objectives do not necessarily coincide. True strategy is concerned with accomplishing the military objectives of grand strategy. What might be called the "military psyche" of a country, however, puts definite limits on its military strategy. For instance, it would have been militarily advantageous to Britain and France to occupy Belgium and Holland, but Britain's long-term foreign policy called for a balance of power and the consequent fostering of nationalism on the Continent. And in planning their strategy the Allied general staffs had to accept this fact as basic.

The Germans, just as they took political geography and used it for their own ends, investigated somewhat this question of style in a pseudo-science they called geopsychology, which concerned itself, among other things, with the effects of geography on morale. As a result of their studies they attempted to correct some of the deficiencies in German style—for instance, by conditioning troops in a simulated North African environment in order to compensate for lack of experience in desert warfare. The abandonment of the Hohenzollern policy of a large navy may also have been due in part to these investigations, for German military writings are shot through with the conclusion that Germany lacks an understanding of the sea and sea power.

The degree to which a commander represents the sum total of these attributes of style and their application to his era is the degree of his strategic success. The field-service regulations of a modern military force are an attempt to dovetail this "military psyche" with the tactical developments of the age and the fundamental principles of war. Every artist in the practice of military and naval science epitomizes the "military psyche" of his country. Napoleon's knife-like thrust at the capital of the enemy, the methodical militarism of Frederick II and the elder Moltke, Kutuzov's counter to Napoleon's Russian campaign—all are illustrations of that fact. Clive, Alexander, Belisarius, Genghis Khan, Nelson, Rodney, Farragut, Washington, Gustavus Adolphus—the list of successful strategists seems endless, but it is far shorter than the list of those often equally brilliant minds that failed to win because they lacked comprehension of style.

Falkenhayn's utter misconception in the 1914-18 war and Nivelle's misapplication of the French dictum *"toujours l'attaque"* afford two modern examples of failure to understand and correctly apply this knowledge. Falkenhayn's belief that a decision could not be reached in either the east or the west, and his consequent plan of committing Germany to a war of attrition, showed a complete lack of understanding of his country's geographical position and its proper use. Nivelle, on the other hand, failed to realize the serious obstacles which massed artillery and machine-guns had placed in the path of the attacker and attempted to apply d'Alençon's theory of the headlong attack under disastrous circumstances. Under the conditions of 1914-18 it was as impossible for France to lose a war of position as it was for Germany to win one of this type, and this was realized after the close of the war. Unfortunately, in the years between 1918 and 1939 France failed to see in the caterpillar vehicle the mobile gun platform which was to restore movement to the battlefield, and the old expression "France is always magnificently prepared—for the last war" could be applied again.

There were never better examples of the application of strategy and style as the cause of success or failure than in the present war. The effort involved in searching for the use of the seven "principles of strategy" in a nation's strategic style is amply rewarded in any study of today's campaigns.

The problems of Germany and Japan are in many respects similar. Energetic, inventive, and ambitious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peoples living under stimulating climatic conditions, subject to great population pressure, they have sought to extend their *Lebensraum* by the ruthless application of force. Both have tried to enslave their neighbors, and both have operated militarily on what the Napoleonic chronicler, Jomini, called "interior lines"—that is, from a central position striking out at those around them. Furthermore, both are now striving to complete conquests at which they have aimed more than once in the past. German strategic plans under Frederick II, Bismarck, and William II were essentially the same as those of the Hitler Reich. The Japan of the Empress Jingo (200 A.D.) and of Hideyosha (1598) projected operations which varied only in the difference of means to be employed from those of contemporary Japan.

John Chamberlain, reviewing Mr. Willkie's new book in the New York *Times*, has said that it gives one of the most revealing comments on the war when it quotes General Montgomery as saying that Rommel's fatal weakness was a penchant to repeat his tactics. This penchant is not peculiar to the German marshal: it is, indeed, one of the phenomena of military history.

The continental location of Germany and the island make-up of Japan have led each nation to adopt certain characteristic methods. In the two articles that follow, an attempt will be made to show how far the operations of our two chief enemies, while conforming to their national style, have satisfied the requirements of the "principles of strategy" set forth above. In this way we may discover some of the reasons for their victories to date, their points of weakness, and the requisites for their defeat.

[*This is the first article of a series of three. In our next issue Mr. Cooper will analyze the strategic style of Japan.*]

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE PHILADELPHIA *Public Ledger* . . . has within a few days joined the pictorial army, and now helps its readers to get at the meaning of its more abstruse passages by "cuts" of various sizes.—*May 4, 1893.*

THE HON. William McKinley, Jr., was again nominated for the Presidency at a banquet of the Boston Home Market Club on Wednesday week. His name was proposed for this office by the Hon'ble Elijah Morse, the greatest authority on Rising Sun Stove Polish in the known world.—*May 11, 1893.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD in the *Nineteenth Century*: "*The Nation*—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere." (ADVT.)—*May 11, 1893.*

WE HOPE it is true, as reported, that it is the intention of Mr. Croker to start a daily Tammany organ. . . . We need some authoritative voice to expound to us the theories of Tammany government. It is true that the *Sun* is a devoted organ, but it avoids detail too much to be really useful.—*May 11, 1893.*

YOUR REPUTATION as a person of taste may depend upon the *exterior* of your house. Comparatively few people ever see the *interior*. Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains add more to the beauty of a house than any other article of exterior adornment. (ADVT.)—*May 11, 1893.*

"LIBERTY AND A LIVING," by Hubert (P. G., Jr.). How to get bread and butter, sunshine and health, leisure and books, without slaving away one's life. (ADVT.)— *May 11, 1893.*

THE MAY DAY demonstrations of the Anarchists this year were mostly made on the principle that the pen is mightier than the sword. . . . [In] the Paris *Plume* of May 1 the most famous of the Anarchists, Kropotkin, Elisée Reclus, and others, set forth . . . their doctrines.—*May 18, 1893.*

THE JAPANESE, who are beginning to note the flight of time according to Western standards, are this year celebrating the completion of a quarter of a century of their fertilizing contact with the thought of the Western world.—*May 18, 1893.*

SEVERAL Presbyterian missionaries to China, now in this country, have given their views of the Chinese Exclusion Act, which the Supreme Court has finally decided to be constitutional. They denounce it as not only bad in itself, un-Christian, and even inhuman, but as destined to have an almost fatal effect upon Christian missions in China.—*May 25, 1893.*

THE MOST NOTABLE feature in connection with the Royal Academy this year is the unanimity with which the critics have condemned it. . . . The actual fact is that the failure of the Academy to represent contemporary art, or, for that matter, British art, adequately has never before been so universally admitted. . . . Mr. Dicksee's large "Funeral of a Viking" is, by rights, the picture of the year, because of the size of the canvas and the obviousness of the story.—*May 25, 1893.*

SIX YEARS AGO we characterized the Grand Army as a machine for getting pensions, and time is making clear the accuracy of the description.—*May 25, 1893.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS have issued a prospectus, with sample pages, of their "Standard Dictionary of the English Language," in which we remark many interesting and some useful innovations.—*May 25, 1893.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Harte, Bret, "Sally Dows and Other Stories."—*May 25, 1893.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Farmers Can Take It

BY RICHARD E. STOCKWELL

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, May 3

IF WE are to believe the Washington spokesmen of the farm bloc, agriculture in this country has reached a pretty pass. They picture the farmer on the very brink of revolt, disgusted with the Administration, furious about price ceilings, crippled by labor shortages. He is, they suggest, about ready to throw in his hand—prepared either to sell out or to reduce production far below the level required by our national food budget.

Out here in Iowa, one of the richest farm states in the union, that picture seems laughably distorted. Despite all talk of a great slump in output, farmers in these parts expect to break new records. County agricultural-war-board chairmen in the Midwest report that farmers are signing up for more production this year than last, despite the problems involved. They will admit to plenty of headaches, but for the most part they do not consider their difficulties worse than those facing other sectors of our war economy.

If the opinions of Iowa farmers are indicative of national feeling, our present farm policies are less unpopular than Congressional speeches would suggest. And Iowa, it is worth noting, has one of the largest Farm Bureau memberships of any state in the union. A survey just completed by one of our leading farm magazines found that 67 per cent of Iowa's farmers favored the AAA—which the Farm Bloc is seeking to abolish—and 54 per cent of those questioned thought they were actually better off if told what to produce in war time. Included in the survey was a question asking the farmer whether he approved or disapproved of the way President Roosevelt is handling his job. Fifty-seven per cent approved, 15 per cent disapproved, 28 per cent weren't sure.

Recent Gallup polls have shown that most farmers are well satisfied with the prices they are currently receiving. Dozens of farmers I have talked to have agreed, with unparalleled unanimity, that "prices are good." Here in Iowa, where farmers are planning to plant 10 per cent more corn this year, one veteran remarked: "Hog prices are good; in fact, with corn prices kept down where they are, hog prices have never been better. If the government puts ceilings on hogs at thirteen or fourteen dollars, we can still make good money." Others echoed this sentiment but added that they would need more help, especially at corn-picking time.

National cash farm income in 1942 was the highest on record. In 1939, not considered a "bad" year by most farmers, total farm income was $8.7 billion. In 1940 it was $9.1 billion; in 1941, $11.8 billion; and last year, $15.5 billion. The increase has been not only in money but in "real income," for the prices which farmers pay have not risen in the same degree as those of the commodities they sell. Since the outbreak of the war in Europe, according to the OWI, the farm-price average has risen about 92 per cent, farm income about 79 per cent, and the average of prices paid by farmers (including interest and taxes) only about 25 per cent.

In other words, the comparatively mild degree of inflation which we have experienced so far during the war has operated to improve the farmer's position. His income has more than kept pace with his expenses, and he has been left with a cash surplus which is helping him to solve his greatest problem, debt. Farming requires a heavy investment for a normally meager return, with the result that most farmers are always burdened with debts. War prosperity has made possible a lightening of this load, and the federal land banks report that millions of dollars are being lopped off farm mortgages every month.

In other respects, of course, the war has brought new troubles to the farmer. He is concerned with the shortage of man-power, machinery, and other necessities, but on the whole he accepts this as a part of his contribution to the war effort, the farm bloc notwithstanding. Farm families are large, and it is hard to find one now that does not have a son, brother, or other near relative in the armed services. At present many farm boys from Iowa are fighting in North Africa. Talking with their folks one cannot fail to be impressed by their conviction that the war is just as much their battle as anyone's and by their willingness to undergo the hardships necessary to achieve victory. Of course grumbling is the age-old prerogative of the farmer, and with his tradition of independence, his normal dislike of regulation and red tape, it is hardly surprising that he has been less than enthusiastic about many OPA orders and Selective Service announcements. But the underlying spirit is very far from unpatriotic.

According to the Department of Agriculture, the number of family workers on the farms is virtually unchanged from the corresponding period a year ago, but the number of hired workers has declined by about 8 per cent. The question of farm man-power, however, is not immediately acute, for there is enough labor to get

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the crops planted. The problem will become intensified with the approach of the harvesting season in late summer and early fall, when three to four million additional workers will be needed. Available statistics indicate a prospective shortage of men to handle fruit and truck crops, cotton, tobacco, and sugar beets. In order to facilitate the harvesting of such crops, the War Manpower Commission and the Department of Agriculture are working together on the organization of a mobile land army to be concentrated in areas of labor shortage.

Plans are also being laid to make use of imported Mexican labor, particularly in the West Coast orchards, and to permit increasing numbers of interned Japanese Americans, now involuntarily idle in relocation centers, to work on the farms. Many of them are well trained in specialized forms of agriculture. On dairy and poultry farms year-round workers are needed to keep output from sagging, but even here the shortage is apparently not so great as is commonly supposed. Production of milk in January surpassed that of a year ago, and egg production is substantially higher than in 1942.

Recently representatives from twelve Midwestern states met at Des Moines for a conference called by Governor Hickenlooper of Iowa to consider the farmer's plight, especially his labor difficulties. Reports of this meeting in the national press devoted nearly all their space to a gloomy speech by ex-President Hoover, and a forthright statement by Nebraska's Governor Griswold, which drew a heavy round of applause, was overlooked. "We plan to solve our own problems in Nebraska," he said. "There is certainly a man-power problem on our farms, but I am just as interested in the shortage of man-power in our shell-loading plants, in the great war industries of Michigan, and in the front lines in Tunisia." As for the draft, the Nebraska Governor said he was opposed to blanket deferment for any group because "that would be unfair to the boys already in the service, to those who would be deferred, and to the whole war effort."

There is no need to stress the difference in tone between these words and the jeremiads of the farm-bloc representatives in Congress. But there is no doubt that Governor Griswold reflects the sentiments of the average Midwestern farmer far better than the organizations which claim to be the Voice of Agriculture. Actually the phrase "farm bloc" means a lot less to the ordinary farmer than the city-dwelling newspaper reader might suppose. It comprises about 150 Senators and Representatives who take their cues from the four farm lobbies —the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, and the National Cooperative Milk Producers' Federation. These organizations represent a comparatively small number of well-to-do commercial farmers and absentee owners—the upper 10 per cent who produce something like half the marketed farm produce in the country. The National Farmers' Union, which is usually at odds with the big lobbies, speaks for the other 90 per cent. The important fact, however, is that barely one farmer in ten belongs to any national pressure group at all.

Thus, while the battle rages in Washington, most farmers are too busy getting on with the job to pay much attention. The recently completed survey of the Federal Crop Reporting Service shows that ten million more acres of food and feed crops will be planted in 1943 than in 1942—an increase of 3.5 per cent over the all-time record. That is the program the farmers have set themselves. They have undertaken to hold the food front, and with reasonable cooperation from nature they will do it.

In the Wind

A LETTER by Professor Oscar Lange of the University of Chicago, blaming anti-Soviet elements in the Sikorski government for the Soviet-Polish rift, was denied publication by the New York *Times*. It was then submitted to the New York *Herald Tribune*, which published it in full. . . . Wilbur Forrest, assistant editor of the *Herald Tribune*, was recently called to the White House to confer informally with President Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, and Sumner Welles on his paper's critical attitude toward the State Department. The *Herald Tribune* has indicated no change of policy.

THE DENVER *Post* makes this editorial contribution to the defeat of fascism: "Why can't the council put a twenty-four-hours-a-day curfew on Japs and bar them from Denver streets?"

CORRECTION: On April 17 it was reported that a federal housing project for war workers at Farrell, Pennsylvania, was moved to a slum section when it was learned that Negroes as well as whites would live in it. Further investigation reveals that the whole project was suspended because changes in contracts eliminated the need of new workers. It was originally plannd to locate the Negro dwellings in a less desirable section than the white dwellings, not because of discrimination by the government, but because Negroes are usually given low-pay jobs and cannot afford to pay as much rent as whites.

FESTUNG EUROPA: In 1939 a Dutchman named Kovens killed his wife and cut her body into several pieces in an effort to hide his crime. He was detected and sentenced to life imprisonment. Recently he was made director of a Nazi concentration camp at Ommen, Holland. . . . Nazi papers in Prague warn the people against talking in barber shops. . . . Last year Dr. Goebbels designated May as "Politeness Month." There is thus far no word from Germany as to whether the experiment is being repeated this year.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Undermining the Underground

IN DEALING with the assistance which Allied armies may expect from occupied countries when the assault on Fortress Europe begins, Messrs. Gerber and Kantorowicz, whose last article we publish today, have avoided exaggeration. From their store of material in the Columbia Broadcasting System's files they could easily have concocted an adventurous tale in the genre of "Hangmen Also Die," "Edge of Darkness," and similar films that have been passing across the American screen. That they have refrained from doing so speaks well for their sense of responsibility.

The underground, guerrillas—in a word, the forces of resistance—are more than a subject of entertainment. They are more than propaganda. They are an essential part of a struggle whose eminently political character makes everything concerned with mass movements and popular reactions a matter of strategic importance. Only on the assumption that in this war, and in the peace to follow, the people have a greater role to play than ever before is the strengthening or weakening of the popular forces of resistance seen in perspective. Only then is it seen that the problem parallels the production of tanks or planes and the action of Allied navies against U-boats.

Perhaps all this talk about the underground and its contribution to the winning of the war sounds a bit superfluous at a moment when the splendid victories in Africa have lifted all our hearts. Perhaps the latest developments in Tunisia are considered such conclusive evidence of the military superiority of the Allies that people think there is nothing more to do than tranquilly await the hour when invading armies make their way toward the center of Hitler's Fortress.

It is true that for the first time the German High Command has shown itself incapable of handling a situation whose final outcome was not difficult to foresee. It is true that German morale has proved, at the last moment, much lower than was generally expected. But the collapse of German strategy in North Africa, encouraging as it is, does not authorize us to take it as a pattern of future developments in Europe. We must not forget that it took six months to drown General von Arnim's armies in the Mediterranean. And we must not forget that the entire problem of communications and supplies will change the moment the Allies make a landing in Europe. Even more important, enemy aims will have changed. When the fight for Fortress Europe begins, Hitler will be defending home ground. The great question is whether Nazi Germany will enter that decisive battle with its fighting spirit broken. Nothing that has occurred so far justifies such a hope, and though it would be pleasant to think that the Nazi determination to keep up the fight to the very end has been overestimated, we stubbornly adhere to the argument constantly expressed in this section that this is a war to the death.

It is just that determination to fight to the end that gives importance to the underground as the hour of invasion approaches. The success of our first effort to force our way on to European soil can well depend upon the cooperation tendered by anti-fascist forces of resistance. And until the moment when the German armies are obliged to fall back behind their original frontiers, the contribution of the underground and the guerrillas may prove invaluable.

During its three years of existence the underground has passed through alternate periods of intense activity and transitory apparent repose. From the beginning it has lacked the support it could and should have received from abroad. Not that we harbor any childish illusion that the underground could have been directed from an office in New York or London. But the record of the pro-Nazi fifth column and what it accomplished in France, Norway, and other places reveals what Hitler might have done with the underground had the majority of European peoples been for him rather than for the United Nations.

There are many European political and labor leaders now in England and the United States who have spent the past three years asserting the importance of the political aspect of the war. They have pointed to the day when Allied armies would land on the Continent. Each has had his story to tell. But all their efforts to have a clearly defined plan of action put into effect, to eliminate dilettante experimentation, and to give a serious political tone to Allied broadcasts to Europe have been useless. The lack of understanding and even of interest in the problems of the underground is still sadly evident.

As we pointed out in one of the first editorials in this section, this disinterest is due, in part, to the absence of adequate machinery for the conduct of political war. Neither Propaganda nor Intelligence has turned its attention to one of the greatest tasks of this war—the proper canalization of the huge reservoir of hate against fascism in Europe. At times one agency or another has indirectly dealt with the underground because it touched

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of its own problems. But even in those rare cases the agency has usually had to fight some other official organization which, jealous of its prerogatives, was more eager to create difficulties than to help. If an agency found an urgent need to bring someone to this country, or to send someone to Europe, the first necessity was to obtain authorization from the Visa Division of the State Department. But weeks would pass before the Visa Division acted, and in the meantime the need would have tragically disappeared.

If that was the attitude in the capitals of the United Nations in regard to more elementary problems of political warfare, one can imagine what was the approach to the underground on the part of consuls and diplomats. On his return from Europe, where he acted as representative of the Emergency Rescue Committee, Varian Fry wrote, in *The Nation,* about his experiences with American consular officials. Most of them sympathized with Vichy and with Franco. Most of them were ready to stamp any anti-fascist fighter as an outlaw on the pay roll of Moscow.

The absence of an organization or agency duly empowered to handle the kind of problem posed by the underground is a consequence of the general political attitude in regard to the war. The mechanism has not been created because the policy pursued by the United Nations has been exactly the opposite of that pursued by the underground. Some people call the underground leftist. Others call it patriotic. Call it any name you wish. The indubitable fact is that the underground is anti-fascist, anti-Munich, anti-appeaser, anti-everything that reminds the peoples of Europe of the treason by which they have been victimized. To address the underground over the radio, as major leaders of the United Nations have done, to ask it to exercise all its strength and enthusiasm in the fight against Hitler, and then to offer it as a reward a Europe with a Giraud in France, a Grandi in Italy, a Franco in Spain, a Hapsburg in Austria, is to laugh at the underground, to make it absolutely useless.

Dr. Goebbels would only have to distribute General Giraud's May 1 address in France to show the Frenchmen who are fighting in the underground that the social views of the man chosen in preference to General de Gaulle are barely distinguishable from those of Vichy. It has been suggested that in a few days the two generals will have met and agreed upon a formula of unification to end their controversy. Perhaps. Under the continuous pressure exerted upon him, it would not be surprising if General de Gaulle accepted a kind of compromise. Washington and London would breathe more easily. But the French underground will continue to see De Gaulle as the leader who has taken an underground representative on his national committee, and in Giraud they will see the man who blames not the old Marshal and his clique but the French worker for the fall of France.

All this is of extraordinary importance. The underground is not merely a temporary ally of today. The underground contains the seed for the Europe of tomorrow. In the underground are gathered the strongest and most active members of the nation. It is absurd to think that the underground fighters will render their maximum contribution to the fight that approaches and afterward calmly watch the United Nations intrust power to all the Girauds and the Grandis whom the little Metternichs are engaged in rescuing from the ruins of old Europe. The first thing required to strengthen the underground is a change in the policy of the United Nations, the implementation of President Roosevelt's promise of February 13: "The world can rest assured that this total war—this sacrifice of lives all over the globe—is not being carried on with the remotest idea of keeping Quislings or Lavals in power anywhere on this earth."

A. DEL V.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE *Essener Nationalzeitung,* property and mouthpiece of Herr Göring, is published at the center of the much-bombed district of the Ruhr. On April 18 it exploded. It pounded on the table with its fist and shouted, "What the people of this hard-hit region can endure from air attacks has a limit, and that limit has been reached."

It did not demand that the war be brought to an end, but it said that life must be made more bearable for the people of the bombed areas. Covertly it reproached the Berlin government for not sufficiently bestirring itself; openly it reproached the neighboring provincial governments for not being more helpful.

> The Ruhr has felt the war more than any other German district, and it would be only fair for more favored districts to help it with its burden. They must do this by sending skilled workmen to repair the houses in the Ruhr. It may even be necessary for trucks, buses, and street cars to be placed at the disposal of Ruhr cities. The most capable officials must be sent into the Ruhr, and the region must be given wide powers of self-government. The "paper war" must stop, and all red tape must be got rid of.

This enumeration of things to be done provides a hint of what is lacking. The call for "the most capable officials" implies that those on the spot are not capable. The rebuke to the "more favored districts" which, instead of helping, carry on a "paper war," gives us the familiar picture of a bureaucracy in which the higher-ups are reluctant to hand over any powers to those beneath them. And that all this was publicly spread on the pages

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the local newspaper—in a dictatorship—shows a degree of irritation that had to be reckoned with.

The *Essener Nationalzeitung* had no sooner printed this explosion than Herr Goebbels himself rushed to the Ruhr to assay the prevailing *Stimmung*. He must have received a strong impression that the limit has indeed been reached, for on his return he immediately poured a thick stream of syrupy ethics over the excitement. In his weekly article of April 24 he admitted that the situation in the air-raid regions was a really serious problem. And in the name of the Nazi government and the German people he proclaimed that many things must be changed. "There is no getting around it—in these matters we must all learn new ways." "The people who have to suffer most from the air raids" must not feel that they have been left in the lurch. "They must get a sense of security from the consciousness of sharing a great common fate. The war which is so fraught with pain for them is not only theirs but ours."

From the few lines in which he was more concrete we obtain some details about actual conditions. "In the western part of the Reich some families have been bombed out two or three times, until finally they have had to be evacuated. They have a claim to be received with kindness in the region to which they are moved." The frequent air-raid alarms are accompanied by "abnormal feelings of hunger, a complaint for which there are suitable remedies." So far, however, no satisfactory cure seems to have been found for these "feelings of hunger" in the bombed areas, whether they are normal or abnormal.

The general picture thus gained agrees remarkably well with a bit of direct information recently received in America. A man who was living in Germany only four months ago designates as the darkest spot in the Reich at present the amazing incapacity of officials to deal with the effects of the bombings. The famed "German organization," he reports, has broken down in this instance to an extent that can hardly be imagined. The work of clearing away the ruins, providing the needed dwellings, making the most pressing repairs, and bringing order into the disorder arising from the emergency has been done, he says, with fantastic slowness, inefficiency, and lack of sympathy. The Göring-Goebbels episode seems to confirm this.

The crass psychological dilettantism of which Hitler personally was guilty when he made his grotesque predictions of victory in Russia was completely eliminated from the Tunisian news reports. Not once during the last months has the possibility of a future victory in North Africa been mentioned. No prospect has been held out even that the front there might be maintained. And for some weeks the prospect that the opposite might happen has been discussed. On April 15 various newspapers dealt expressly with the possibility that "we may be forced to evacuate North Africa" or that "North Africa may be lost." Of course they all emphasized that that would not "be decisive for the outcome of the war." In fact, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* discovered that "it would be actually advantageous, since the Axis would no longer have an overseas transportation problem." At any rate, declared the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, "Rommel will have won for us much valuable time." That is pertinent and enlightening. And the consistently sober and cautious psychological handling of this campaign leads one to conclude that Hitler personally no longer has a hand in military publicity.

THE LAST BULLETS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe Against Hitler

III. THE PASSIVE RESISTERS

BY JOHN W. GERBER AND ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

BULGARIA and Rumania are in a state of deep and relatively uncontrolled unrest. But their respective governments have not yet let matters get so far out of hand that there is imminent danger of revolution.

Bulgaria is at war with the United States but not with Russia, largely because King Boris dare not flout the heavily pro-Russian sentiments of the Bulgarian people. German influence in the Bulgarian army is strong, dating back to World War I, and until now it has served King Boris's purposes to play the Nazi game. Bulgaria got parts of Greece and Yugoslavia after the Nazi conquest. The Bulgarians have suppressed the populations in the territories they occupy by the same ruthless methods as the Nazis. Boris and his government can therefore expect little consideration in the event of a United Nations victory. Meanwhile, the Germans have occupied large areas of the country—especially the coastal cities and the region along the Turkish border. There is no indication that German troops thus far have participated in quelling restive elements on any considerable scale, but there are sufficient numbers of them on the spot to discourage any current planning for revolution.

Resistance in Bulgaria takes the form of well-coordinated and widespread mass demonstrations, effective underground work, and a little guerrilla warfare. Fifty per cent of Bulgaria's industrial workers are said to be members of the Communist Party (but remember that Bulgaria is largely an agrarian country), and resistance is to a great extent Communist-led. During widespread mass demonstrations early this year, apparently in protest against raids by the pro-Nazi police force on Soviet consulates, 25,000 persons are said to have been arrested. Bulgaria will be ready to overthrow Boris's government and join the United Nations the moment our armies engage the Bulgarian army, part of which will revolt too, and the Nazi occupying forces.

Rumania is the sucker nation of Europe. The Antonescu regime did not have majority support when it was first installed, and most Rumanians thought that the war against Russia would be limited to the securing of Bessarabia. There are fairly reliable indications that the Rumanian army was surprised when ordered to advance beyond the Bessarabian border, and a number of Rumanian officers were reported executed for refusing to lead their troops. More than thirty divisions were largely destroyed in the subsequent fighting. Casualties were particularly heavy at Odessa, Sevastopol, and Stalingrad, where the Nazis forced the Rumanians to spearhead the heaviest assaults.

Another Rumanian grievance is the Nazi award of Transylvania to Hungary. Sporadic border fighting is still going on between these two Axis puppets, and at this moment Rumanian revisionists would rather be fighting Hungary than Russia. Disillusionment with the Nazis and with the Antonescu regime is complete. Open political warfare against Antonescu is being carried on by Dr. Juliu Maniu, the peasant leader, and George Bratianu, leader of the Liberal Party, who, however, is strongly anti-Soviet. Underground work, particularly sabotage, is well developed. A victorious advance of the United Nations in the Balkans probably would quickly result in the overthrow of Antonescu.

Italy is a tired, discouraged, hungry country, but the Italian people are between the devil Hitler and the deep blue Mediterranean. Presumably, as Germany's number one ally, Italy shares responsibility for the war and must share whatever punishment is decided upon in the post-war period. Actually, Italy has become completely a prisoner of the Nazis. The Italian patriot has his choice between a Nazi victory, which would reduce his country forever to the position of a powerless satellite, and a United Nations victory, which must appear to the average Italian as national defeat.

Casualties in the Italian army amount to about one million men. More than 500,000 have been lost in the African campaigns, and the ten picked Fascist divisions sent to the Russian front were either taken prisoner or cut to pieces. In addition, the Nazis have taken something like 300,000 Italian workers for slave labor in Germany.

Italy as a whole is sadly undernourished; food consumption varies from one part of the country to another because distribution of supplies is so poorly organized. Rations are among the lowest in Europe, and even the small amounts allowed are not always available. The cost of food has risen by more than 20 per cent since the beginning of the war, and the incomparably higher prices on the flourishing black market are far beyond the reach of the Italian working class. Imports from other European countries, on which the people used to depend to a large extent, have been cut, and at the same time Italy has been obliged to increase its exports to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany—particularly of fruits, vegetables, and nuts.

The Fascists' pre-war policy of self-sufficiency was necessarily a failure. A modern war can't be run without coal and steel, and Italy has neither. It is largely dependent upon Germany for both, and Germany was able to deliver only a fraction of the twelve million tons of coal promised for last year. Italy actually needed twenty million tons, and hundreds of Italian war plants have been closed down because of the coal and steel shortages.

The revolutionary anti-fascist forces in Italy recognize that these conditions were brought about by Fascist government policy, and that the first condition for the rebuilding of Italy and the freedom of the Italian people is the overthrow of Mussolini and his supporters. It is not possible to make an accurate estimate of the numerical strength of the revolutionists, or to determine whether they are only a vanguard of the most intelligent and courageous or are more deeply rooted among the masses. That they have influence and effect is indicated by the number of sentences for political offenses.

The recent political amnesty proclaimed by Mussolini is a sign of weakness, not of strength. By innumerable death sentences early in its career, and by the slaughter of civilians in Abyssinia and Spain, the Fascist regime showed that it was not moved by sentiment. If recent sentences against anti-Fascists have been comparatively mild, it is because the regime feels that the sympathies of an increasing number of Italians are with the accused.

One of the outstanding phenomena of the war has been the miserable fighting spirit of Italian soldiers. Anyone who saw the Italian Garibaldi battalion of the International Brigade fighting at Las Rozas in defense of Madrid in December, 1936, or massacring an entire regular Fascist division at Guadalajara in March, 1937, knows that an Italian soldier is as brave as any other when he is fighting for a cause in which he believes. The liberal anti-Fascist Italian leader Count Carlo Sforza recently complained, quite justifiably, that the Italian army "should have been the object of respect throughout the world when it refused to fight and called a military strike" against the invasion of Greece. Even the regular Italian army probably would put up no more than token resistance against invading armies. The majority of the Italian people would welcome them as liberators from war and Nazi supervision, and a not inconsiderable minority would even offer active assistance.

The situation in Austria, the first nation to fall to Germany, might well be considered similar to that in Germany proper, but there are several distinguishing factors. World War I left Austria very badly off. A small nation, without access to the sea, far from self-sufficient, Austria could flourish only within a federation of Central European states or—for better or for worse—as a part of Germany. Immediately after the war there was a strong feeling among the middle and working classes in favor of *Anschluss* with the German republic, but when Nazism came to power the workers reversed their position and worked for an independent Austria. Some of the reactionary groups, who had held aloof from the republic, wanted *Anschluss* with Hitler, and influential clerical circles hoped for protection by Mussolini's Fascisti.

After the Nazi occupation of Austria in 1938, resistance took the dual form of semi-revolutionary activity and a movement for national independence. It is not yet possible to see which predominates. The tendencies toward national independence differentiate the Austrian opposition movement from the German, but on the whole they may be considered together.

Germany itself will be the United Nations' toughest nut. The Nazis have had three years to construct their vaunted "Fortress Europe." They have had ten years to make Germany impregnable, and they have promised that they will, if necessary, fight all the way through the occupied countries to the heart of Berlin.

The Nazis have visited inhuman cruelties upon the peoples they have conquered, but they brought their methods to perfection by long practice upon the German people. Between 1933 and the outbreak of the war, 12,000 Germans were executed, 225,000 (exclusive of ordinary criminals) were sentenced in the ordinary courts of law, and almost two million were sent to concentration camps or mistreated in S. A. cellars, Gestapo centers, and police stations because of anti-Nazi activities.

The Nazis fear the German people as much as any other people they have conquered. To crush opposition from within, Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler has held a whole army in reserve. This is made up of 300,000 picked S. S. men, badly needed at the fighting fronts, and more than 150,000 well-equipped policemen, in addition to the ubiquitous plainclothesmen of the Gestapo. The size of that force is a measure of the Nazis' fear of their own people.

There are eight to ten million men in the German army now, and their equipment is sufficient, if no longer abundant. They are the best-fed men in Europe—better fed than the rest of the German people, who are the best-fed nation in Europe. The German army (prepared, remember, to continue the war within Germany) has been trained for total warfare by the best methods of Prussian militarists, is led by experienced nationalist officers, and is interspersed with fanatical Nazis. The main body of the German army is still morally intact. The remainder is held together by formidable discipline and fear of both the enemy in front of it and the Gestapo behind it. The soldiers have been warned that if they are captured their families will be punished.

Casualties in the German army, conservatively esti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mated, run to about four million dead, permanently disabled, and prisoners of war. This, plus the tremendous number of able-bodied men in the army, plus the fact that mechanized warfare requires an ever greater number of skilled and unskilled workers, has resulted in Germany's most crucial problem: man-power.

The recent Sauckel decrees mobilizing all men between sixteen and sixty-five and all women between seventeen and forty-five for labor service has led to a serious deterioration in working conditions, and consequently a deterioration in the ability of workers to take part in active resistance. Goebbels emphasized in his speech on February 18 that everyone must put in twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours' work a day in German war factories. Anyone who tries to "get out of it by delivering to his draft board an inconsequential doctor's certificate, instead of delivering his working power," Goebbels warned, will be treated as "a deserter from our national community." In an article in *Das Reich* he elaborated; "If there is anybody among us who does not understand that, we will act irrespective of him." Three articles in *Das Reich* in January and February and his speech in Berlin's Sportspalast were filled with vituperation against "deserters in all classes," "parasites," "shirkers," "profiteers," "traitors," "egotists," "defeatists," "the scum of society." Obviously, passive resistance is becoming a serious problem.

The total mobilization brought other headaches for the Nazis. They had no choice but to eliminate the German middle class, the class that had supported them most ardently. All bars, many restaurants, most department stores, and the majority of retail stores were closed by decree. The *Schwarze Korps,* official paper of the S. S. guards and one of the most influential party mouthpieces, commented: "The German middle class is dead and should not rise again after the war. The ghost of the middle class should be put into the chimney corner."

The problem created by the seven to ten million foreign workers and war prisoners in Germany has probably given Nazi leaders some very anxious moments. Necessarily these people are in daily contact with German workers. The seriousness of the situation is emphasized by the daily decrees and warnings issued to German workers that there should be no contact with foreigners other than that required on the job. Reports of sentences for violations of those decrees are becoming more numerous. It is, by the way, one of the paradoxes of the Nazi race theories that never before have there been men of so many races and nations on German soil. Nothing can prevent their meeting young German women whose husbands or fiancés have been absent for years or have already been killed. The foreign workers are unarmed and closely guarded, but the conditions are present for their alliance with dissatisfied German workers in a genuine anti-fascist "International," in the heart of the fortress, at the moment the United Nations reach its outer bastions.

Opposition within Germany nearly collapsed after Munich. It revived when it became clear that England would not capitulate, and it gathered strength when the Soviet Union and the United States entered the war. It is still growing, as witness the numerous publicly announced arrests, sentences, executions, and even mass executions; as witness the denunciations by Göring, Himmler, Goebbels, and even Hitler, of "enemies" of the fatherland" and "bolshevik sub-humans." It is no coincidence that after the bombings of Essen, Cologne, Munich, and Berlin, inscriptions appeared on the walls of ruined houses reading: *"Das haben wir dem Führer zu verdanken"* ("We have the Führer to thank for this"). Open revolution will not break out, however, until we have engaged a substantial part of the forces held in reserve to keep resistance underground.

Europe's fight is not merely a negative one—against Hitler. The Nazis have taken away the opportunities for individual security inherent in every democracy. The immediate fight against Hitler is for the restoration of those opportunities; in the long run, it is for economic and political security, for the assurance that no man and no group will ever again be permitted to deprive millions of their sustenance. Every statement that has come out of the European underground has called for a post-war world in which there will be jobs for all workers, land for all peasants, and a vote for everyone.

Two hundred million Europeans—with the exception of a small clique of Quislings, traitors, and congenital scoundrels—are united in the fight. Oppression, visited equally upon everyone, has put everyone on an equal plane—spiritually, economically, and politically. Everyone to some extent has felt the deleterious effects of hunger. Everyone has seen, or has been subjected to, the ruthless, well-organized methods of the Gestapo.

Hunger, oppression, the presence of enemy forces—all are contributing to a day-by-day decline in the amount of assistance we shall receive when we land. Leadership inside Europe, among the people now engaged in comparatively passive resistance, will be of major importance. Much of the leadership has already been wiped out, and there is no way of telling whether it has been replaced by equally effective men. The Catholic church, which maintains a strong grip on the minds of millions of people, has not yet shown its hand, though many individual priests have been active anti-fascists.

We cannot expect the victims of Hitler to win the war for us. We must do that with our own equipment and with the blood of our own men. But their help will save the lives of hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers, and will hasten the fall of Hitler's European fortress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE UNKNOWN ARMY

We are the civil fathers, the poor necessary
Clerks of a fair world great death besieges.
Close and far the danger; ships and houses
Equally expect ambush; the foe's line
Is not one thread, is fabric: a bone cap
That tightens. And the young ones have departed.
In companies destructive, daring fate
To find them, they are deepest in the mold
To crack it; and they will, and the free skull,
Warm again, should praise their blood forever.
We have not gone, nor may we; except darkly
In dreams—oh, then we bitterly deploy,
We venture; and arrive at the most difficult
Crossways, where the frost is quickest formed
On heroes. Which anonymous we are,
In nightmares—oh, the cursing in those thickets
When with no moon we come; only with heated
Hatred, searching midnight for a nerve
To sever in the arm that weaves this skeleton
Cloth, this whited silence, this green country's
Shroud that in our sleep we shear away.

MARK VAN DOREN

LIFE ON THE "OBIT" PAGE

BY IRWIN EDMAN

I DON'T know at just what age I began to read the obituary page with interest and care, and even to turn to it with a morbid flutter of anticipation. I suspect that like most other people I began to explore this hall of prompt and definitive fame when to find a contemporary there was no longer a novelty. It is only during the tragic ironies of war that it becomes normal to associate death with youth.

But it was not morbidity (nor is it now, I think) that made me turn to the obituary page, heading for it directly after the front-page headlines and skipping past the columns about books, or beauty, or now even food. My curiosity in reading the accounts of the only just deceased is not about the dead but about the living. For these obituary accounts, much livelier than they used to be—if one may so put it—are excellent thumb-nail biographies of persons with whose virtues and qualities, as well as their names, one perhaps becomes acquainted for the first time only when they are dead. It is not the records of the most famous that are the most interesting, nor is it always the longest accounts that provoke the largest reflection. A paragraph about an obscurity who for fifty years had tended a lonely lighthouse, a few lines about a janitor who left a fortune, a squatter who had been a bank president—this is the sort of stuff out of which one may mold a philosophy of human aspiration and the mortal storm.

I like best, I think, the obituary notices of what may be called minor-league celebrities. These are persons who until their reported death I had not known existed, though it is clear from the biographical data that they cut quite a figure, one in the bedspring business or the civic life of a Mid-western town, another in the building up of an agricultural college in Texas.

Thus, I am told, John Soaper first came to the Beeswax Company as a shipping clerk; he dies the head of the company. His son is a lieutenant in the army, and his daughter is married—I recognize the name—to the scion of an old New York family, and his stamp collection has come to be esteemed by philatelists. I can read between the lines, anybody could, an eighteen-hundred-page novel. It would be an industrial saga. It would have touches of Babbitt, and of Edith Wharton—the part about the daughter would. And the stamp collection? What might that not portend to a psychological novelist? Escape, perhaps, from domesticity, from the boredom of wealth, or it might be simply a larval stage of the connoisseur impulse. In another age John Soaper would have been an art-collecting cardinal. In eighteen hundred pages one would have room to speculate on these matters. But the half-column history provides plenty of material for speculation or for art.

Or take a different case. Professor Edwards, emeritus, retired from the University of So-and-so twenty-five years ago and is now dead at ninety-six in Florida. The university is far away and not very well known to me, and I can only take on faith the information that the old professor used to cut quite a figure on the campus, especially in winter with his beaver cap and in any season with his gibes at late comers. The obituary account lists an impressive number of learned societies to which he belonged. I am informed that his monographs on the history of his native county are well known to all students of that rather special subject. It appears that he rose briefly to national celebrity about thirty years ago when he was widely quoted as having said in a Phi Beta Kappa address that a college education ruined a man's intellect and atrophied his spirit. There was, the paper says, heated controversy at the time. Part of the pleasure of reading the obituaries is in filling in what the writer has perhaps forgotten or failed to turn up among the ancient clippings he has assembled. It suddenly comes back to me that I read about the whole business while I was in high school. It turned out that the professor was misquoted. What he actually said was that *without* a college education, the intellect was killed and the spirit atrophied. But by the time denials were made, the discussion had acquired too much momentum to be stopped.

Time and again there crop up in the obituary columns mysterious wealthy persons. The mystery is this: their wealth is so great, apparently, that it is remarkable one should not have heard about them before. Unknown to me, unknown I suspect to everyone, they and their modest multi-millions have flourished in the decent reticence of a distant small

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

community. Orphanages all over the country, I learn, have long flourished under their anonymous patronage, and in some instances the peonies they have raised have won national prizes. Apparently lifelong foes or fumblers of publicity, it is an irony that their distinction, if only of opulence, comes to light for the first time now that they have ceased to see the sun.

Then there are the repeated moral lessons of the obituary pages. It is a rare week that does not produce an account, sometimes far down the page, of the forgotten theatrical stars of a generation ago, or the heroes and heroines of the silent screen, made anachronistic by an invention that served for *them* only to reveal their impossible flat voices, flat even for Hollywood, or their incurably illiterate diction. The obituaries do not say that, but one recalls hearing about it at the time. As for the stage stars of an earlier period, how Marcus Aurelius would have reveled in reading of their end, and moralized sadly on the transience of fame, the precariousness of friendship and of money! The darling of operetta in the nineties dead in poverty in a South Dakota village. (Tears may be in order. But Mozart died in poverty in Vienna at thirty-five.) I read of the architects of buildings one has passed every morning or of the manufacturers of tooth paste I have used every day, of the writers of best-sellers long since forgotten, of the creators of styles or inventions now routine.

And then there are, not least instructive, the notices of the passing of relics of an era now definitely over—the dowager whose word was once law in a Four Hundred itself now a memory, the giver of magniloquently vulgar parties on the Riviera when that azure region was a paradise of the Anglo-American smart set. Other times, other manners! Sometimes I confess I turn back with relief even to the anxieties on the front page. For these events are of today and point to hopes and fears for tomorrow. Meanwhile the obituary page is for that very reason not a bad form of escape literature, with the risk always of the shock of finding on it any day a name one had hoped never to live to see there, and the further risk of realizing with a sudden sinking of the heart in how few lines one's own contribution to his time could be summarized.

Sometimes I suspect that the most significant lives as a God or a God-inspired novelist might see them never get into the obituaries at all or into that pantheon of respectability, the paid death announcements. What rescues—or corrupts—a man from anonymity is some obvious public mark of eminence or success, some recognizable standard brand of good or ill he has done in the world. The things that transmute an existence into a life are not those that render it notable or quotable; these are too intimate, lyric, and universal. Even the good or evil that most men do most deeply is not what is available for public record or singular enough to seem worth recording. The unknown soldier is vaguely remembered for his courage; the nameless citizen for his run-of-the-mill patience or his fumblings, his oddities, his ardors, or his failures. The obituaries of the human being in his undistinguished humanity can seldom be written or seem worth writing save to the small circle, usually nameless also and inarticulate, by whom he was beloved. The very great, like the humble, do not provide the characteristic materials for modern obituaries. Human dignity has other measures than the obvious ones of contemporary celebrity.

Still, I hope some day, some distant day, an obituary writer will recall that I once wrote a rueful tribute to obituaries.

Wrapped in a Mystery

THE ENIGMA OF ADMIRAL DARLAN. By Alec de Montmorency. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

WHEN a book offers startling facts unsupported by any document, it may still have a certain degree of validity if some authority attaches to the author's name, or if the work presents a consistent, plausible hypothesis. In this case, both these conditions are lacking.

M. Alec de Montmorency is an enigma wrapped in a mystery. We are told that his identity cannot be revealed "for obvious reasons." The reasons seem obvious to me; but they had better remain undefined. However, let us give M. de Montmorency the full benefit of the doubt. Let us assume that his name is Alec (that is appropriate enough) and that he comes from the charming little village near Paris famed for Jean-Jacques Rousseau, cherries, and donkey rides. That does not make his story more convincing. He would have us believe that Pétain, Weygand, and Darlan had prepared a Legitimist *coup de chien,* or putsch, with Alfonso XIII as their candidate. For this tall tale he offers not a particle of evidence. But his mind is hopelessly confused about that small knot of Legitimists known as *les Blancs d'Espagne.* Their candidate was not Alfonso but the Carlist Pretender; Alfonso, in their eyes, was a usurper, like Louis Philippe. Incidentally, M. de Montmorency casts doubt on the "legitimacy" of the Count of Paris: the legitimacy, not of his claims, but of his birth. I hope that some Royalist will argue the point with M. de Montmorency—if he can be found.

Another story is that Darlan planned to "concentrate" all naval officers with Republican leanings on a single ship, the "old Jean-Bart," with M. Pierre Cot as admiral. The Jean-Bart was then to be torpedoed. That is the kind of *galéjades* that the Marseilles people liked to swap in the cafes of their beloved Cannebière: the hoariest of them all is about the monstrous sardine that once blocked the entrance of the old harbor.

Except for these two lurid tales, there is nothing in the book that any casual newspaper reader did not know. But even the simplest statements appear in a blur, so that we never get a clear idea of what Darlan actually said or did. This is particularly true of the fateful days between our landing in North Africa and Darlan's masterly capture of his captors. On this, and on Darlan's death, M. de Montmorency throws no light whatever. The portrait he offers us—paladin, blackguard, Legitimist who was the son of a Republican minister, and who won advancement by out-drinking Daladier—would be an amusing caricature if it were intelligible. But no attempt is made to fit the pieces together. The title of the book is "Admiral Darlan": it might as well be "Nude Descending a Staircase."

There is no partisan animus in the present review. I am

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Face of Russia and Germany

The men who know Russia best say this is the best book on Russia today!

ROUND TRIP TO RUSSIA

by
WALTER GRAEBNER

The ace correspondent of *Time* and *Life* who brought back the March of Time's sensational feature, "One Day of War," has written this brilliant account of Russia *today*.

JOHN SCOTT, in *The Nation:* "Surpasses all other books about wartime Russia in clear thinking and good reporting . . . He makes more sense than many who spent years in the country."

WALTER DURANTY: "I have read many books about Russia and written one or two myself, but this one explains more neatly than any other the how and why of Soviet Russia and why and how the Russians are fighting so bravely."—*N. Y. Times Book Rev.*

MAURICE HINDUS: "A very illuminating and most useful volume."

Wartime Format. 90,000 Words. 49 Illustrations. $3.00

3rd Large Printing

"One of the War's Great Books"
—MARQUIS JAMES

IS GERMANY INCURABLE?

by
RICHARD M. BRICKNER, M.D.

Twice in one generation Germany has thrown the world into the convulsions of war. Why? What mental state drives the enemy of our civilization to mass murder? Here is psychiatry's new and startling revelation.

CLIFTON FADIMAN: "One of the sanest explanations yet offered of how the Germans got that way . . . really illuminates the mind of the reader and sets some of the problems of winning the war and the peace in large and true perspective."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON: "Dr. Brickner is the first man to show us in what direction to look for the unavoidable solution of the German problem. Here at last is sense in the midst of oceans of nonsense."

MARQUIS JAMES: "I don't see how anyone who has pondered the question of what to do with Germany after the fighting can put this book down once he has started it. I feel so strongly that every American should read it that as soon as the rest of my family has read it I'm sending my copy to our village library."

$3.00

Winner of the Anisfield Award in Racial Relations

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD

An Autobiography
by ZORA NEALE HURSTON

"Racial relations intertwined with nationalism might almost be said to be the theme of this war and one of the major problems of the peace . . . There is an obvious need of putting our own house in order . . . *Dust Tracks On a Road* is an admirable autobiography revealing the flexibility, the sensitiveness, and the emotional color of the Negro race in America . . . We strongly recommend its reading."—*Saturday Review.*

$3.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • Philadelphia • New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no great admirer of Admiral Darlan: but the account of him offered in this book is damaging beyond the dreams of his worst enemies. What is more, I believe that a good case could be made for the dynamic little Admiral. In the general collapse the fleet remained France's supreme asset. So long as it remained in being, France had a bargaining point with Hitler—and with England as well. I am ready to believe that Darlan was a patriot of the Richelieu-Bismarck-Hitler school: ambitious, for self and country, ruthless, unscrupulous, but on a scale which ceases to be purely contemptible. I am too good an American to admit that our diplomats were bested by an egregious scoundrel or a fool. It was not because he was a "traitor" to France, to the Republic, or to Pétain that I deprecated any compromise with him; but because he represented the very kind of fanatical patriotism against which we are at war.

A serious study of Darlan, if it were possible now, could be fascinating as well as instructive. But this is not a study: it is a would-be thriller that utterly fails to thrill. Life is earnest: let us turn to serious things, and read Edgar Wallace's "Silinski."

ALBERT GUÉRARD

"Non-Combatants"

DYNAMITE CARGO: CONVOY TO RUSSIA. By Fred Herman. The Vanguard Press. $2.

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL. By James Hilton. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

HERE are two studies of how non-fighting men behave in the terrifying crises of war. Fred Herman, son of an upstate New York bookstore proprietor, tells how he and his fellow merchant seamen aboard an explosives-laden Liberty ship almost, but not quite, reached Russia in an Arctic convoy. On the other side of the world, we have James Hilton's account of the simple heroism of a fifty-eight-year-old navy doctor who shepherded his wounded flock out of Java just ahead of the Japanese.

Fred Herman, who got the idea of going to sea from Conrad and who spent his spare hours on the Atlantic reading Sandburg's life of Lincoln, points up no heroes, but takes men the way he finds them and makes them real. There was dead-pan Willy who gazed at seagulls for hours: he shipped to Russia because "the wages was high" and he wanted to buy fancy furniture for his kid brother who was getting married. Willy did not live to collect the wages. There was the Salesman, bald-headed, embittered trouble-maker with a grudge against the world; when a little group of seamen thought they had been abandoned aboard their foundering ship, the Salesman's reaction was to scream denunciations of the departed captain: "He ain't in command no more. He can't shove me around no more." And there was the captain himself, the Old Man, nearly seventy, who had locked up his Texas ranch and returned to the sea because merchant skippers were needed; he had already been torpedoed twice before he took command of this ship.

It is almost unbelievable that men could stay sane through the horror of that Arctic passage as Fred Herman describes it, simply and vividly and almost without adjectives. One clear day they could look far down the convoy as the German planes attacked. "One after another, then, the ships in that line began to go. It was sickening, like watching a slaughter. You could guess their cargoes by the sound of the explosions and the color of the smoke that belched up." The men knew there could be few survivors. They also knew that a man blown into that Arctic water might survive as long as sixty minutes.

Finally a torpedo crippled their ship, and except for a few who were killed the men were transferred to a British cruiser. There the torture was even worse, for they had to stay below deck while the cruiser fought its way through a rain of bombs and tried to dodge torpedoes both from the air and from U-boats below. They could feel the concussions, but couldn't fight back and couldn't see what was happening. By way of preserving their sanity, a young British officer on the bridge was detailed to give them a running account over the ship's amplifier. During a lull he told them he was going to play draughts with another officer, and a steward hung up a big checkerboard down below so they could follow the game and make bets on it. Later Mr. Herman learned that the young officer read off the moves through the amplifier from a printed form; there was no game being played.

Almost 4 per cent of the seamen who take out the merchantmen have been lost, as compared with a death rate in the armed services of less than three per cent. "We don't claim to be heroes," says Mr. Herman. "We are the bums. But we deliver the cargoes." Terrified as they were, these bums didn't crack up in the pinches; they kept on doing their jobs. Mr. Herman himself signed on again. One hopes that a young man who can write so honest and moving a book will live to write more.

The tale of Dr. Wassell's adventure in Java was told in brief by President Roosevelt in a broadcast a year ago. Mr. Hilton, creator of the celebrated Mr. Chips, talked at length to the doctor, to his friends and relatives, and to some of the sailors he looked after. Then Mr. Hilton reconstructed the story in swift-flowing fictional form.

Old Dr. Wassell from Arkansas had been a medical missionary in China and later a CCC physician in the South and never had attained any glittering success. Two years ago last February he found himself assigned as navy liaison doctor with forty-one injured men from the Houston and the Marblehead in a Dutch hospital near Surabaya. The men were getting adequate care; so he didn't have much to do at first. He bought them ice cream and talked the Dutch superintendent into letting them smoke. When it became obvious that the Japanese were about to overwhelm Java and that these men would be left behind to be captured, the mouse-like Dr. Wassell turned into a bold conspirator and a fighting leader. He stuck by his wounded men through the panic of evacuation, and by his conniving and bullying and dogged courage got even the stretcher cases off to safety.

Mr. Hilton's version of the episode makes entertaining reading, and no doubt will make a gripping movie. Without in any way belittling Dr. Wassell, one can almost hear the crescendo of the theater organ at heart-throb points throughout the pages.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Citizen of the World

THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY. An Autobiography by Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.

THIS was a happy man. After sixty years he killed himself. In his farewell letter he put down all that he thought worth striving for in life. He wanted to be a gentleman; he wanted to "build his life"; his "purest joy" was "intellectual labor"; the "highest good on earth" was "personal freedom." "I, the all too impatient one"—that is what he called himself.

There is Zweig's very typical last statement. There are final dispositions. The completed manuscripts are to be sent to the publishers. Order reigns, and urbanity. An expression of thanks to the host country is not forgotten. There is the ornate, dramatized language so dear to him and his readers throughout the world. A "final duty calls him." he will "part from life—of my own free will and in my right mind." These are the proper, prescribed formulas. Nor is the measured plaint lacking, at the "long years of homeless wandering." It all but rhymes. And twice he crossed out words that did not fit.

Zweig was an Austrian, the son of a Viennese millionaire, a Jew—all by birth. What he made of himself was an author, a humanist, a pacifist. This book, supposed to tell the story of his life, is no autobiography. It is a sequence of background views of his time, interlarded with portraits of the famous men he met; in his Preface Zweig refers to himself as "the pivotal point" of his volume. "Time paints the picture." He promises a report on "an entire generation." He talks of three worlds—pre-war, between wars, post-war—and several existences. The disillusioned citizen of the world calls himself "the homeless man" who "belongs nowhere." He scouts "that arch-plague, nationalism," the new barbarism "with its deliberate and programmatic dogma of anti-humanitarianism." He deplores our new simultaneous organization, which constantly involves us in every world event—without protection, safety, or escape.

He devotes eight chapters to the "World of Security" before the first war, to school and college days, pre-war eroticism, visits to Paris and trips to India and America. The other eight deal with the war of 1914, the battle for "intellectual brotherhood," Switzerland in the last war, Austria and Berlin in the inflation, worldwide travel, worldwide fame, worldwide success, and the era of Adolf Hitler, including exile.

It is the life and the book of a classicist—full of tradition and composure, stylized from birth to death, with rounded sentences, rounded sentiments, a hundred qualms, one great passion (hate of the crime of war), one distinct inclination (always to serve literature), and one profound resentment, of the loss of individual dignity under the new barbarism. Love of spiritual greatness—the only moral greatness—raised him out of the narrow bourgeois world, whose perfect heir he would otherwise have been. Resentment at the loss of human dignity turned this anti-metaphysical writer into a Christian figure. And the hatred of war which made him "the last pacifist" gives life and truth to this tale of a poet's education.

RESORT

ON FURLOUGH? 20% DISCOUNT TO ALL MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES

HONEYMOON HAVEN

OPEN MAY 15
FREE GOLF
To June 27

In the Heart of The Adirondacks
SCAROON is a FAIRYLAND in JUNE
The Ideal Vacation Time
9 HOLE GOLF COURSE ON PREMISES
9 Clay Tennis Courts
8 Handball Courts

Facilities for a limited number of families with children

N. Y. OFFICE: BA 7-1970

SCAROON MANOR
HOTEL · · on SCHROON LAKE, N.Y.

IF YOUR COMMUNITY
HAS NO BOOKSELLER
ORDER YOUR BOOKS
THROUGH THE NATION

Books of any publisher will be delivered to your door at the regular list price, post free if payment accompanies order. Postage charges are paid by purchaser if books are mailed C.O.D. *READERS' SERVICE DIVISION*

THE Nation
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NATION
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Nation subscribers should give us at least two weeks' notice of a change of address, indicating the old as well as the new address.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine
☐ 1 Year $5 ☐ 2 Years $8 ☐ 3 Years $11
☐ Remittance is inclosed ☐ Bill me

Introductory Offer to New Subscribers ONLY:
☐ 13 Weeks $1
Cash with order

Canada $1 a year extra
Foreign $1 a year extra
Pan American Union requires no extra postage

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
5-15-43

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zweig says he was surprised by his worldwide success. He began as a translator, a born mediator between foreign literatures and civilizations. He became known through writing a pacifist play, "Jeremiah," during the last war. He was successful with erotic novelettes. He became world-famous for his psychological biographies. Eventually, for a few years, he was the world's most translated author.

Endowed with the Old Austrian gifts for comedy and *feuilleton* writing, a conventional writer with all the postures of boldness, a gentle moralist and highly skilled popularizer—he was born to succeed. Just as, an actuary of his fortune, he computed his life in order to "build" it, everything in his books—the seemingly dramatic fire and the pretended historical points—was calculated, too, with a will to success. But calculation is an essential element of art.

This is a mute book—the autobiography—with the untold private life. "Anonymity in every respect of life is a necessity to me." It contains no love story, no story of marriage, and only a few scattered notes on his work or personal anecdotes, such as that of the thief he refused to prosecute, who carried his stolen trunk back from the police station to the hotel. (The manager, incensed at Zweig for having pardoned the thief, ejected him.)

Stefan Zweig was far too chaste to write a real autobiography. Over modest, he was afraid of nudity. This secret prude may never have written a truly naked word, although at times he committed shameless acts such as that biography of Marie Antoinette (popular for just that reason) in which the story of the French Revolution—or the world—looks like a footnote to Freud's psychoanalytical lectures.

Zweig was a hedonist of the best type, and a noble human being. His was a gentle heart. He was a friend of peace, and of poets. With spiritual means and high ideals he found millions of readers—a universal pedagogical merit of the first order.

He made friends wherever he went. He was a kind man, without malice, full of enthusiasm for greatness of spirit, and he liked to help. He worked all his life, left a vast body of work behind but always found time to discover, advise, aid, and protect the young or new or great poets of many countries in Europe. He started, and originally selected, one of the most beautiful editions of books in the German language, the *Insel-Bücher*. He helped to influence and shape the literary taste of Europe—almost always improving it. He advised publishers in ten countries, including the United States. He helped many people with money and influence, word and deed, and he saved the lives of some.

Zweig came from polyglot, super-national Austria-Hungary with the ideal of a good European, a citizen of the world—the finest ideal of German literature since Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. His second home was in France; he was at home in Europe. But the poet's victories are complete—in fact, immeasurable—and lethal. When Zweig lost his country, because of Hitler and the moral weakness of Europe, he turned from a citizen of the world into an enemy alien. When he lost his passport, he saw himself as an alien enemy of life. He despised the "pathological suspicion of everybody against everybody else" and the "morbid dislike of the foreigner." The war pursued the pacifist to England, to the United States, to Brazil. Rilke's word, "War is always prison," became fatal for Zweig.

This humblest of all world celebrities had the bourgeois pride to scout all outward distinctions, medals, or titles. He had the civic virtue to shun tyrants. He had the pride of all good literati; his ideal figures were Jeremiah, the moral preacher and prophet, and Erasmus, the anti-revolutionary sage and skeptic. His fine, unselfish admiration of spiritual greatness in others made him a singular figure in the literary world. He had genius as a collector, merit as a mediator, popularity as a writer, happiness as a master of the art of living—until the century ceased to have room for either individualists or individualities.

HERMANN KESTEN

Fiction in Review

CHARLES MILLS'S "The Choice" (Macmillan, $3) is a first novel of considerable talent. To be sure, it has grave faults of style: its young hero, David Lennox, has too many "feelings"; his emotions strain at the prose and some of the most crucial moments in his intellectual development are almost unintelligible. Then Mr. Mills is over-fond of quasi-poetical abstractions in language; sentences like the following are typical, and wearing: "He sat for a long time, and he felt himself growing to the very limits of touch, beyond which was being. He felt a happiness such as he never had known before, for just beyond his sight, just beyond his understanding, was the perfection of all things, and in this time to know its being brought promise to its supremest fulness, and desire into a foretaste of peace." But what constitutes Mr. Mills's talent is his ability, in spite of his wordiness, to evoke scene, and his method of patiently building character. In its prose "The Choice" suggests Thomas Wolfe; in its method of creating character it bears a certain resemblance to "The Last Puritan." Perhaps the chief element in Mr. Mills's talent is his respect for what a novel should do.

But with this salute to its author's gifts, I can go on to say that "The Choice" is a very distressing book—quiet, yet one of the most distressing books I have read recently. It is a novel of Southern reaction and an archetypical one; that is, what other writers may betray only unconsciously, Mr. Mills is sufficiently educated and conscious to state boldly. For granted that violence, prejudice, myth-making, anti-intellectualism are everywhere in the air these days, in the North as well as in the South, still the rankling bitterness that obsesses the South even these many years after the Civil War, and the formulated myths and prejudices which always seem to be at hand to give form and direction to violence, make reactionary novels of a Southern background especially frightening to the liberal Northern reader. And yet, in most such cases the reaction is likely to be so much a matter of cultural tone that it defies a political label; the cultural symptoms are there to be recognized, but to carry them to their logical political conclusion is to be brought up short with the realization that it is not quite fair to document a political accusation with only emotional evidence. One can be grateful, then, for a book like "The Choice" which itself makes the indicated connection, which itself uses the word fascism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and indeed takes its hero to Italy and into close, approving contact with Italian Fascist leaders. For all his bias, Mr. Mills is a more than usually thoughtful person who knows the relation between the emotional tone of a society and its government; he understands that, at least in our present-day world, personal and group frustrations almost inevitably seek an outlet in politics.

The outline of Mr. Mills's narrative is simple; the complexity of his novel—when it isn't merely the complexity of over-strained language—is the internal complexity of his protagonist. David Lennox is the last aristocrat of Georgia; the beautiful pre-Civil War house in which he spends his earliest years becomes his symbol of the traditional way of life which has given place, throughout the South, to Yankee vulgarity. The best of contemporary Southern society is little better than its worst; in association with his peers, David finds himself lonely as an exiled king. Indeed, although he is an artist—he loves music and becomes a writer—even David's adolescent sensitivity is the sensitivity not of the artist but of the young prince. Eventually, like his father before him and like his cousin George, a cruel, arrogant youth to whom he is exaggeratedly attached, he looks to Europe for a continuation of the old tradition and in Europe finds fascism, cure for the weakness of the defeated South.

And of course not the least interesting part of the story is that, having discovered fascism, David, unlike Cousin George, goes on to reject it in favor of religion. This is on page 400 of a 424-page book. He had always been a Catholic, but, too much given to the search for other solutions, he had neglected the solution of religion. The choice, however, of Mr. Mills's title is the choice between fascism and Catholicism; as David finally (and this time not spinning words) puts it: "Either God rules or I am a fool not to place myself with the men who rule." George chooses fascism, but although David has been right with him, among the men who rule, until the last twenty-four pages, before the book ends he makes a quick switch from Mussolini to the church. Well, twenty-four pages seem to me pretty small space for a personal revolution of any profundity; they look to me like just enough space to apply a new complexion to an old face —although I can scarcely believe that Mr. Mills intended his novel to prove so close an affinity between Catholicism and fascism. At any rate, "The Choice" is well worth study as a document of Southern reaction and quite despite the fact that David Lennox fancies himself to be so much alone.

If I had come to another Georgia document, Erskine Caldwell's "Georgia Boy" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2) *after* Mr. Mills's novel, no doubt, in contrast to the Southern aristocracy, I should have welcomed Mr. Caldwell's poor white trash as a breath of clean air. But unfortunately I read the Caldwell stories first and noted them—I fear a bit drearily—as an innocuous collection of extended anecdotes.

"The Last of Summer" by Kate O'Brien (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is the story of a young half-French actress who comes to visit her father's people in provincial Ireland and stays to win the eldest son, and then to lose him to his mother. I think it has been praised unduly, possibly because it is sufficiently underwritten to promise that still waters are running deep. Actually it is no more than a quiet, workmanlike little novel.

DIANA TRILLING

AMUSEMENTS

RIVOLI B'WAY & 49th ST.

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT

Starring HENRY FONDA
With Dana Andrews — Mary Beth Hughes

From the novel by WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK, "a genuine psychological study, with significant overtones drawn from the complex ethics of human justice."
The Nation

Theatre Guild's New Musical
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEATRE
44th Street West of Broadway
EVES. 8:30 • MATS. Thurs. & Sat.

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by REUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES DE MILLE
Betty Garde, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Lee Dixon, Howard da Silva, Celeste Holm

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
B'way at 51st St.
Mission to Moscow
A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE

BOOKS

Go Places with
BOOKS

What do *you* like about traveling . . . Meeting people? Seeing things? Getting out of your own particular rut? Wartime restrictions may keep you at home, but you can find these thrills and more right in your living room between the covers of a good book. Let your bookseller be your guide.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION
Members Everywhere

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF

MANPOWER FOR VICTORY. By John J. Corson. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

This book is valuable as the first really complete treatment of the man-power problem. Written by the former director of the United States Employment Service, it provides a new awareness of the complexity of the man-power situation and the multitude of measures adopted by the government in dealing with that situation. The author has no panacea to offer. In general, the book may be considered a defense of the voluntary policies of the War Manpower Commission, but though it points out the difficulties of a compulsory program it does not deny that such a program may eventually be necessary.

LOT'S WIFE. By Max Eastman. Harper and Brothers. $2.

"Pride does tell me I can sing," observes Mr. Eastman in the prefatory verses to "Lot's Wife"; he would do well to cultivate humility. The virtue of intelligibility, which Mr. Eastman praises, not deep, but loud, has this slight disadvantage; it keeps a man from being given the benefit of the doubt. "Lot's Wife" is a vulgar performance; perhaps a little too erudite in some of its allusions, it is otherwise entirely suitable for the pages of Hearst's *Sunday American.*

ICELANDIC POEMS AND STORIES. Edited by Richard Beck. Princeton University Press. $3.

Iceland has had a literature for ten centuries, ever since Queen Aud, widow of Olaf the White, King of Dublin, went there around the year 890. (There was also a bard known as Audunn of Westfirth, in the eleventh century.) The American-Scandinavian foundation, through the medium of the Princeton University Press, has brought the record up to date with this collection of the work of the last century, starting with Bjarni Thorarensen, who died in 1841, and ending with Halldór Lazness, born in 1902. In his introduction Professor Beck points out that recent Icelandic literature has been affected both by the importation of romanticism from abroad and by a renewed interest in the native tradition: so far as one can judge from the works here translated, the native, or plain, material is more interesting than the fancy, or thrilled-to-the-soul, kind of thing. It is interesting to note that among the translators, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has some other claims to distinction, writes English of considerable force and directness; and it is curious that, while Professor Beck in his commentary on the various authors often refers to a gamy and ribald satirical tendency and to heretical social views, very little such work is found in the text proper.

THE LIFE OF JOHNNY REB: THE COMMON SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Bell Irvin Wiley. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75.

The author of this monumental piece of research is professor of history at the University of Mississippi. He has extracted the ore from thousands of diaries, letters, newspapers, and official documents and arranged the material in topical chapters, illustrated by interesting contemporary photographs and drawings. It is a valuable work, of much poignant historical and human interest; but it is primarily for students of the Civil War. For the average reader of history a little of this goes a long way. For serious historians it admirably fills a gap.

SIBERIA. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. $3.75.

As in "The Danube," "Turkey," and "Dakar," Mr. Lengyel combines history, geography, politics, and personal impressions into a fascinating picture. The transformation of Siberia by the Soviets from a place synonymous with desolation to a flourishing region is brought out as it has not been before for the general reader. Its tremendous importance may be judged from the fact that in Siberia Russia borders on Iran, India, and China, comes into almost direct contact with Japan, and extends to within less than forty miles of Alaska, thus being by far the greatest Far Eastern power. Illustrated with photographs, clear end-paper maps, and a dramatic double title-page.

CAN WE WIN THE PEACE? By Paul Einzig. The Macmillan Company. $2.

It is the thesis of this closely argued little book that we can win the peace only if we insure the economic as well as the military disarmament of Germany. He shows how failure to do this was the principal defect of Versailles and after, and indicates how it might be done without reducing the German people to poverty.

ART

ZADKINE. At the Valentine Gallery. 55 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 22.

Zadkine is a lyric artist of a bad period, the early twenties. His more academic works, especially "Tatooed Dreamer," have enough excellence to support his sentimentality. Most of the one-faced ladies toying with guitars are too like the most expensive French liners, when Lalique was in flower.

HELEN RATKAI. At the Gallery of Modern Art, 18 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 22.

Miss Ratkai allows sex to guide her choice of subject, and, alas, to cloud her judgment. She has a very pretty line in her drawings, but cannot yet quite manage paint. There is nothing meretricious about her pictures; they are just not as strong as her emotions.

ABRAHAM RATTNER. Paul Rosenberg and Company, 16 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 29.

Mr. Rattner is a special person. His reputation is high and it is hard to dispute it. All the same it is inflated. His pictures so dazzle one's eyes that it is difficult to realize that they are not as good as they seem. They are like stained-glass windows by a Jewish Picasso. But there is something stale about them, in spite of the brightness of their colors; two of them, "The Sun" and "April Showers," come off — and perhaps "Montauk Point"—but the others look as if he were trying to live up to an idea of himself, an idea shared by others whom he wants to please. He shouldn't be quite so slick. JEAN CONNOLLY

DRAMA

Over Most of These Stations

THE sort of thing which is immediately labeled "a fine idea for a play" almost never really is for a reason which ought to be obvious enough. Nine times out of ten such "fine ideas" are actually only anecdotes, and the finest of anecdotes is fine only for a sixty-second telling, not in a version which lasts two hours and a half. It sounds like a fine idea for a play just because the point can be made clear in a few words, and that means of course that the anecdote is probably not susceptible of any further development. Voltaire's brief summary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the plot of "Hamlet" makes it seem like one of the worst ideas for a play ever conceived by a man in his right senses, but that "Hamlet" is really a very fine play is generally admitted except by the kind of people who will persist in believing that "Sons and Soldiers" (Morosco Theater) must be good because it is so easy to tell your friends what it is about.

Irwin Shaw, author of this last-named piece, used a pretty good anecdote with disappointing results in his first play, "Bury the Dead"; he used another anecdote with equally disappointing results in his second, "The Gentle People"; and now, in "Sons and Soldiers," he tries to make a play out of something which is really rather less than an anecdote since it is actually hardly more than the idea for a narrative trick. Since Mr. Shaw is well known for his short short-stories it is perhaps not surprising that he should fail to realize how much material is needed for a full-length play; but Max Reinhardt, who has directed "Sons and Soldiers" with what looks like genuine if misplaced enthusiasm, and Bel Geddes, who designed the sets, might have been expected to know better.

The "idea" is simply this: In 1916 a young wife carrying a baby is told by her husband and her doctor that she has only one chance in ten to live if she ever gives birth and is therefore urged to go at once to the hospital for an abortion. Under the shock of the revelation she faints, and in her faint she not only dreams that the son is born but also that she can follow his career through the troubles of childhood and adolescence up to the day when he departs (as a pilot of course) to serve in the present war, which she prophetically sees coming. By the end of the second act she has concluded that for such a life as his it is not worth while for anyone to be born. By the end of the third she knows that to have been, as her son was, really alive is enough. She comes out of the faint and tells her husband that she is determined to take her long-odds gamble with death.

Now it ought to be obvious that such a framework around a story has only a very minor contribution to make to the effectiveness of the story itself and that the play about the young man's life will be neither significantly better nor significantly worse than it would have been if it had been told straightforwardly merely as the story of one man's life. If Mr. Shaw had been able to write a good play about a young man it would be a good play in this setting or in none at all; since he has not been able to write a play which is not most of the time hackneyed and unconvincing it still remains just that. There is, to be sure, a single scene—that of the fight with the mysterious bruiser on the campus—which has precisely the grotesque brutality of some of Mr. Shaw's short stories, and though I found it unsatisfying and unpleasant it has at least some individual character. Nearly all the rest seems to me no different from what any qualified script-writer would turn out on order, and it is probably some half-realization of this fact which has led Mr. Reinhardt to over-direct so violently and the actors to grow almost hysterical in their efforts to make the whole thing seem "strong." Gregory Peck as the son probably sins least, for he does his best to suggest the flannel-shirted, post-depression, socially-conscious sort of manliness which the author certainly had in mind. Geraldine Fitzgerald plays the mother with a combination of hysteria and careful voice production which I happened to find especially trying. As the bad woman who gets the hero's maidenhead, Stella Adler labors under various difficulties, not the least of which is one of the hammiest speeches in modern dramatic literature—namely, the one about how she is always seeking and never finding a lover who can give her she knows not what.

During the first half-hour or so of the proceedings I suffered that agony which comes when one knows that one is reminded of something but cannot make the connection. Where had I heard before this hysterical intensity attempting to make the commonplace and the factitious sound tense and dramatic; where had I heard these speeches which aspired to be passionate and came out only as a sort of fretful whine? Presently I began to wait impatiently for the thing to be over and the news bulletin to come on. Then of course I knew where I was. Mr. Shaw, a "new" writer remotely related to Hemingway, had through some curious combination of circumstances, been led to produce a perfect soap opera. Most of the incidents could be cleaned up a bit and put directly on the air. Any number of the same general sort could be added, and the thing might go on for years and years. "What does Andrew's mother plan to say when she visits the woman who is stealing her son? Will he finally realize that the unselfish love of the

Contemporary

JEWISH RECORD

"A MAGAZINE OF REAL DIGNITY AND WORTH"
—WALDO FRANK

- Significant articles by such writers as Salo W. Baron, Waldo Frank, Louis Golding, Thomas Mann.
- "The Cedars of Lebanon," a series of timely interpretations of Judaism.
- March of Events, the news in concise form—country by country.
- Magazine Digest.
- Book Reviews.

In the Current Issue

The Story Behind Giraud's Abrogation of the Crémieux Decree Hannah Arendt
Palestine: Commonwealth or Bi-National State? Erich Kahler
New Forces in American Art. Illustrated William Schack
Writing American Jewish History Harold J. Jonas
The Cedars of Lebanon: Jewish Ideals Joseph Jacobs

CONTEMPORARY JEWISH RECORD, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please start my subscription with the issue described above. I enclose $2 for 1 year (6 issues).

Name ..... City .....

Address ..... State .....

N5153

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beautiful Dora holds forth the only possibility of lasting happiness? Tomorrow over most of these stations—"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

AT THE Duke Ellington concert in Carnegie Hall a couple of months ago someone was overheard to say: "The trouble with tonight's concert is that sophistication has reared its ugly head." I would say the trouble was pretentiousness as well as sophistication, and that they had reared their heads long before this concert. One can hear this in the performances reissued by Victor in "A Duke Ellington Panorama" (Set P-138, $2.63): the 1927 "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" and 1928 "The Mooche" (20-1531), the 1930 "Ring dem Bells" and "Mood Indigo" (20-1532), the 1934 "Stompy Jones" and "Delta Serenade" (20-1533), the 1940 "Dusk" and "Warm Valley" (20-1534). The 1927 and 1928 performances were recorded by an orchestra of ten, the 1930 performances by an orchestra of twelve; and though the arranged ensembles and backgrounds are skilfully contrived they are quite simple in style and in harmony, they leave plenty of room for the soloists to play with freedom and at length, and the entire performances have the relaxed freedom and vitality of jazz performance. By 1934 Ellington had expanded his orchestra and had been talked into thinking of himself as an American composer; and in the performances of that year one hears already the harmonically lush and stylistically luxuriant arrangements which envelop and hold down the players' imaginations and rob the entire performance of spontaneity and vigor. The 1934 and 1940 performances in this volume I find unendurable; of the early ones "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" is very fine, "Ring dem Bells" is not far behind, "The Mooche" is only fair, and everything in "Mood Indigo" is good (chiefly a superb clarinet solo) outside of the well-known theme of the piece.

Decca's first volume of reissues in its Brunswick Collectors' Series, "Ellingtonia—Volume I" (Set B-1000, $3.68), offers only early Ellington performances: the 1927 "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" and "Birmingham Breakdown" (80,000), the 1931 "Rockin' in Rhythm" and "Twelfth Street Rag" (80,001), the 1927 "Black and Tan Fantasy" and 1928 "The Mooche" (80,002), the 1930 "Mood Indigo" and 1929 "Wall Street Wail" (80,003). The "East St. Louis," "Mooche," and "Mood Indigo" performances are of course quite different from the ones in the Victor set: the Brunswick "East St. Louis" is lighter-footed, brighter, and more spirited, and I like it better; so with the Brunswick "Mooche"; and while the clarinet solo in the Brunswick "Mood Indigo" does not equal the one in the Victor performance, it is good, it is supported by an excitingly powerful string bass, and there is also a good trumpet solo which leaves less room for the theme. As for the others, "Wall Street Wail" is superb, "Twelfth Street Rag" is good, "Rockin' in Rhythm" is fair, "Birmingham Breakdown" is quite bad, and the "Black and Tan Fantasy" is not as good as the one on Victor 24,486, and is noisy enough to have been dubbed from an old record.

If I had to choose between the two volumes I would take the Brunswick; and if I could not have the entire volume I would choose 80,000 and 80,003. And, as in the case of Haydn and Beethoven, I would listen without reading: just why these jazz reissues must be accompanied by the pretentious confusion, inaccuracy, and sheer illiteracy of the people who write about jazz, I don't know. Listen without reading, and you will know that you are hearing a tuba, not a string bass, and a string bass, not a tuba.

Ellington's Carnegie Hall concert was not the horror that the New Masses "Spirituals to Jazz" affair was a couple of years ago; but it was bad enough. There were this time not a dozen vaudeville acts constantly pushing each other on and off and around the stage, but only one orchestra dressed up and put through tricks like a trained-monkey act; there was this time only the professional master-of-ceremonies glibness of Ellington himself; and there was only the one gilt-and-plush luxuriance in which even the early "Black and Tan Fantasy" and "Rockin' in Rhythm" were now enveloped, and by which the soloists were strangled, except for a few moments like the one near the end when Lawrence Brown freshened the atmosphere with a freely-moving hot trombone solo. But it was hard to take for a whole evening; and hardest of all was the forty-five-minute stretch of "Black, Brown, and Beige," described as "a tone parallel to the history of the Negro in America," and based on the idea that since the American Negro had produced a distinctive music called jazz, jazz was the medium in which to express in musical terms everything that had happened to the American Negro, from his being brought here in slavery to the fact that today, as Ellington put it, "the black, brown, and beige is right in there with the red, white, and blue." Actually the work had no evident relation to the history of the Negro in America; and taken for itself it was the product of a man attempting large-scale thought and construction with powers adequate for the four minutes of "Lazy Rhapsody"—which is to say that it was an unintegrated succession of one thing after another for forty-five minutes.

"Billy the Kid" continues to be given by the Ballet Theater without Eugene Loring, and to lose by that fact. Michael Kidd is an even less adequate substitute in the title role than Ian Gibson, since he dances with less technical assurance and brilliance; and detail continues to crumble away. But it remains a superb piece, which should not be missed. On the other hand Markova's dancing in "Lilac Garden" is so beautiful that one is less aware of Tudor's repetitiousness; and I think the meaning which her authority and maturity of style give to the part—as against the impression of youthfulness conveyed by Annabelle Lyon—is a right one.

B. H. HAGGIN

Eighteenth Annual Session

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

TWO WEEKS' INTENSIVE SUMMER STUDY AND CRITICISM FOR WRITERS

Sponsored by Middlebury College

August 16-28, 1943

AT BREAD LOAF INN IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, VERMONT

Theodore Morrison, *Director*

Group discussion of manuscripts, individual interviews for criticism, lectures and talks of general interest

Covering:

Short Story • Novel • Articles • Verse
Radio Script • Publication Problems

Staff:

Fletcher Pratt, *Articles*
Philip Cohen, *Radio Script*
Robert Frost, Theodore Morrison, *Verse*
Helen Everitt, and others, *Fiction*
Alan Collins, *Publishing*

Two Classes of Membership

1) *Contributor* submit manuscript to staff for criticism.
2) *Auditors* are free to attend entire lecture and discussion program, but submit no manuscript.

All Inquiries

LANGUAGE SCHOOL OFFICE
Middlebury College Middlebury, Vermont

Note: All plans subject to cancellation if war conditions prevent use of Bread Loaf facilities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

Mr. Fraser and the Land Question

Dear Sirs: Can you endure another letter on the history quiz?

For all that Mr. Hugh Russell Fraser exploits only the simplest and most obvious aspects of American history in his current crusade against progressive educators, he has nevertheless succeeded in making at least one serious error—an interesting error because it seems to grow directly out of his vaunted worship of the pure "facts" and his disdain for interpretative accounts. There are no such things as the "facts of history" except as they are sorted and shaped into some pattern by historians, who usually have a bias; and we have learned that many things which once passed for gospel because they suited current prejudices or propagandistic needs will not stand the scrutiny of investigation.

Writing about his "quiz," Mr. Fraser says that the Homestead Act of 1862 was "the successful climax" of a thirty-year struggle against speculation in the public lands, that it gave to "millions" the right to "stake their own claim in public lands," and that but for the people's absorption in the war it "would have been the occasion of a great nation-wide celebration." Such is the traditional historical legend. The facts are otherwise. The noteworthy researches of such modern investigators as Professor Paul Gates have convinced all informed students that the Homestead Act did not end speculation in lands, did not satisfy the settlers' cry for land, and did not, except for the very brief period, arouse the western farmer's jubilation. If anyone "celebrated," it was the moneyed speculators of Wall Street. Mr. Fraser is correct in his statement that the land question constitutes an important chapter in American history; he is quite wrong in his version of that importance.

Mr. Fraser's logic, by which he seeks to lay the blame for collegians' ignorance of history on "social studies," is strange enough to require no refutation. He is obviously, as Mr. Stone suggested in *The Nation*, pleading somebody's special cause, which destroys his case. Yet I think there is a grain of truth in what he says—the fact of the matter is that we need facts *plus* broad interpretations. There is as little excuse for loose generalization in the teaching and writing of history as there is for myopic recitals of barren facts. What we need—and are only just beginning to get—is the kind of approach that combines with the strictest research standards a high critical intelligence and the capacity for interpretation. It so happens that Gates's work on the western land question is an outstanding example of this; that Mr. Fraser should be unaware of it is thus doubly damning. One wonders if he himself, along with the *Times*, is really qualified to pass judgment on our knowledge of American history.

R. N. STROMBERG

Washington, D. C., April 27

Spare the Taxpayer—and Spoil the Currency

Dear Sirs: The President, in his January budget message, requested $16 billions of new taxes for the fiscal year beginning in July. The Carlson Bill, besides reducing the victory tax, would have cancelled $10 billions of taxes already levied against 1942 incomes. The Doughton Bill would have lowered the victory tax, while imposing no increases whatever. The projected compromise bill evidently would lower the Victory Tax and cancel $4-$5 billions of 1942 taxes. Repealing the inadequate increases of the 1942 Act, it would also prevent any further increase of taxes against 1943 incomes.

All this is sheer fiscal insanity—financially irresponsible government. To control or to retard inflation, we need, not a mere $16 billions of new tax levies but $30-$40 billions (i.e., total taxes of $65-$75 billions)—as even casual examination of income estimates will clearly show.

After four long months, Congress seems now prepared to compromise on a *reduction* of $6 billions! And this compromise is blessed with the indorsement of Secretary Morgenthau!

The proper and urgent application of "pay-as-you-go" is in war finance, not in the misguided Ruml plan. We must have current, advance, at-source collection of the basic income tax on wages and salaries. For taxpayers' declarations and their residual, direct payments, however, the income tax should remain on a previous-year basis.

Congressmen scream about the intolerable burdens of partial double payment which at-source collection, in a simple program, would involve. Under any rates yet proposed, however, people with incomes below $10,000 or $20,000 would pay, against two years' income, less than they should pay, to check inflation, against one year's. And the large taxpayer would only be discharging accrued tax liability against which he must, with any prudence, otherwise set up reserves of cash or bonds.

I am now paying about 15 per cent as income tax. If the draft age had not been lowered, I would now be paying 70 per cent (counting army pay and perquisites). Why shouldn't my financial contribution be commensurate with the draftee's, and my dependents be burdened much like his? Don't tell me that I couldn't stand a 40 per cent basic rate (after my exemptions) or a 20 per cent rate with double collection!

But there is no escape. I can pay my share as income tax, whose burdens can be allocated deliberately and with some fairness among families; or I can pay it through inflation, which must involve utterly inequitable allocation.

The income tax must be the foundation of any sound anti-inflation program. Price ceilings, wage control, rationing, and non-bank borrowing are useful but relatively minor, complementary, stop-gap devices and cannot stand alone. Surplus purchasing power must be drained off; only severe income taxes can do the job.

I don't want to see our war bonds half repudiated by eventual doubling of the price level (which is a sanguine forecast of where present fiscal policy will lead). I don't want my retirement annuity or life insurance reduced in purchasing power by half or three-quarters. I don't want to live through the revolutions or political upheavals which uncontrolled inflation will involve. To avoid these things, I'll gladly pay half or more of my income as income tax, for the duration, if others pay correspondingly. And we'll almost all be better off than if we try to spend our increasing aggregate incomes on inexorably diminishing supplies of consumer goods and services.

The Administration has repudiated responsibilities of fiscal leadership. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republicans, erstwhile champions of "sound finance," are fighting tax increases and plumping for inflation *via* Ruml-plan cancellations and reductions. Is there no leadership anywhere, among politicians or the press, to challenge those who, buying a few votes for 1944, would spare the taxpayer and spoil the currency?

HENRY C. SIMONS

Chicago, Illinois, April 28

We'll Accept Both

Dear Sirs: I notice that you are out soliciting subscriptions "to" *The Nation.* If I understand the language we do not subscribe to a magazine. We subscribe to a doctrine, a belief, a principle, etc., but *for* a periodical, a series of bond issues, or such-like.

P. W. MACNEILL

Moscow, Pa., May 1

Another View

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* recently an article appeared by Selden Menefee, entitled Why They Follow Lewis. Since Mr. Menefee mentions the Hazard, Kentucky, coal fields, and since I happen to be personally interested financially and in a working way with operations in that field, I feel that Mr. Menefee wrote a great deal of this article from ignorance.

The social movement within the coal mining districts of Hazard, Kentucky, has been an upward one steadily since 1915. About that time the field was generally opened up. Prior to that time there had been an infiltration from "over the mountains" of settlers from elsewhere, but when they reached Hazard and stopped there they were without benefit of clergy, medicine, schools, etc.

To Mr. Menefee I would earnestly recommend that he read some of the books written by Miss Lucy Furman. Miss Lucy Furman established a school at Hindman, Kentucky. It still exists, and helps a great deal; and her book entitled "Quare Women" is most enlightening as to conditions in that field when the coal operators began to come in.

Today, with the advent of the railroads, the highways, the automobile, and steady work, the children are better fed, and they are well clothed; housing conditions are better, and general living conditions better than the miner ever expected to find it possible to obtain—and the whole countryside is changed and has been steadily changing for the better in the last twenty-five years.

Right now our biggest problem is absenteeism, Mr. Lewis (John L.) to the contrary notwithstanding. A survey of our Hazard field taken by our Association office in Hazard, Kentucky, revealed that the men are away from their work a great deal. They are making more money than they ever made before, and a great deal of it has been spent in the last few months for whiskey—more than in the past. They have had more—they have bought more, and it has created more absenteeism. Of course sickness does create some, and a desire to raise a garden, go fishing, and to do other things, is responsible in a measure; but we operators in the Hazard field are offering six days' work a week to our miners, and they are not taking advantage of it. At a mine in which I am interested, and which can load 42 to 44 cars every day, we loaded 19 cars on Saturday, due entirely to absenteeism. We would have been far better off not to have run at all that Saturday. We lost money giving work to the few that wanted work, but in good faith we gave work to those who wanted it.

Your magazine is supposed to be a fair paper. I rather suggest to you to look into the matter further than to let Mr. Menefee's article in *The Nation* stand as a full description. The people are entitled to the truth—by all means, give them the truth.

CALVIN HOLMES

Knoxville, Tenn., April 22

"Henry James Place"

Dear Sirs: By all means let us change Washington Place to "Henry James Place"; but let's forget Mr. Zabel's alternative suggestion of a simple "James Place" which would *not* honor the James family but simply give my old street the anonymity of Charles Street or Sullivan Street. That's what happened to the streets I lived on in Palo Alto a few years ago: it was hard to remember that the apartment was on Ralph Waldo Emerson Street and the later house on Walt Whitman Court when those names were shortened to a mere Emerson Street and Whitman Court. And had I been able to go to George Gordon, Lord Byron Street instead of the simpler Byron Street, how much more pleasant my dental visits would have been!

If it's possible to get La Guardia to change one street for Henry James, could we not make other changes as well? Perhaps not whole streets, but blocks or even half blocks—*à la* our former Vannest Place? The final block of Sullivan Street, between the Square and Third might be John Sloan Place—it is the street nearest his Hotel Judson studio; and the west side of MacDougall Street could be Eugene O'Neill Place, in honor of the man whose great first works were launched there.

But enough of such sweet fantasy. Mr. Zabel knows it can't be done; Miss Marshall knows it can't be done; I know it can't be done. It is of such things, however, our dreams and hopes are made on—particularly while we struggle through our daily military routine. Who knows but that enough impossible dreams dreamed, enough impossible hopes hoped, some of our impossibles may become realities. All good luck.

CORPORAL

Somewhere in Texas, April 30

A Pioneer Remembers

Dear Sirs: So *Life* compares food-rationed women of the United States with the famished inhabitants of Europe. Permit a pioneer of the great Midwest to tell how we lived in the '60s and '70s of the last century.

William Henry Harrison Fate, some generations American, pillar of a Methodist country church, four times County Superintendent of Schools in Union County, Dakota Territory, ate his first meal in that Territory in 1862, at the home of another pioneer, Thomas Watson from Missouri, and the menu was baked squash and salt with water as a beverage. He lived to an advanced age.

A shrub grew on the high hills bordering the valley of the Big Sioux River; it had clusters of small white flowers and deeply veined leaves which, I was informed, were used by the first comers for making tea. A legume, perennial, low-spreading, had seed pods that were quite large, round, and fleshy; I was told some of the pioneers used them for "sauce," cooked and sweetened. A usual custom was to butcher pork in the fall; by spring it was consumed and eggs, milk, butter, and vegetables wintered over supplied the table till young chickens came on.

Plenty of game, of course, in spring and fall, but farmers had little time for hunting during those busy seasons. Fish was plentiful for those near water courses.

In his "Giants in the Earth" Rolvaag tells of pioneers who ate badgers; I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew families who ate the gray gophers or ground squirrels, also muskrats. These were all country people, living chiefly off their own products.

As to education, I should know something of that as I began teaching our district school of a few small children in the '70s. Called back into school work by a shortage of teachers years later, I served as County Superintendent at the time of the first World War. I have been for some years astonished at the ignorance of the masses in view of the uncountable sums spent on education since the beginning of educational work in our country. I charge it to the universal employment of young girls as instructors—"high school kids" with a year or two of normal training.

Years ago it was stated that the average teaching life of these girls was three years; how much experience could be acquired in that length of time? Young men seemed to take rural teaching for a year or two as a stepping stone to some higher career. The need is for professional teachers of broad mentality, and the best for the primary grades, just as laying the foundation is the most important part of building.

We have college professors sadly lacking in breadth of view; like the one who came to fill a country pulpit who warned against Communists and informed the natives that Kulaks were a *tribe.* ALICE A. TOLLEFSON

Sioux City, Iowa, April 24

Judge Lindsay

Dear Sirs: One of the highlights of a trip to the Pacific Coast from which I have just returned was a lunch with Judge Ben Lindsay and his wife, and it was therefore with acute sadness that I learned of his recent death. I was impressed by his youth and faith and energy. Apparently, his trust in youth kept him young, his numerous contacts with plain, decent people gave him faith in humanity, and his awareness of how much there was to be done to correct this world's affairs endowed him with the energy to go ahead trying to correct them. I urged him to write his autobiography as a testament from which his successors in the fight for justice might learn, but he apparently preferred to continue the fight rather than write about it. He was full of plans. He talked with zest of how he settled complicated family problems by stepping down from the judge's black pinnacle and dealing with men and women in terms of life rather than in terms of cold legal routine. He made enemies thereby, but they respected him. He made friends and they loved him. What a loss to America and to mankind! LOUIS FISCHER

New York, May 5

On the Other Foot

Dear Sirs: Almost every news report by radio the past week-end has included a statement to the effect that Congress is "united behind the President in a firm stand against the strike of the coal miners." It is good to hear the words "united behind the President," but one can't help querying how it is that a divided Congress is able to unite in the opinion that, starving or not, needy or not, unfairly treated or not, the miners must put the war need first, when the same Congress defied the President—and that in a tricky manner that discredited our methods of government—when there was a question of limiting salaries to $25,000 per year for the period of war.

In my opinion any appeal for all-out-war sacrifice is bound to be scrutinized closely for some time to come by those whose sacrifice comes out of the family's food budget as long as they remember that cheap trick of our Representatives, on behalf of privilege.

RUTH GEORGE

Claremont, Cal., May 2

CONTRIBUTORS

RICHARD E. STOCKWELL, while studying biochemistry and agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin, became farm-news editor of Station WIBA, Madison, and has been in radio news work ever since. He is now associate news editor of WMT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

GORDON COOPER has been engaged in international trade for fifteen years, dealing in strategic raw materials and foreign exchange. He has had a lifelong interest in military history, and is a member of the American Military Institute and an associate member of the United States Naval Institute.

MARCUS DUFFIELD is on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LANGUAGES

"LANGUAGE IS A WEAPON"

■ ■ ■ Forge ahead, win special assignments, in global war and the ultimate peace, through ability to speak a foreign language.

MASTER ANOTHER LANGUAGE
quickly, easily, correctly
by LINGUAPHONE

The world-famous Linguaphone EAR-EYE Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. No English is spoken. You learn the new language by LISTENING.

Home-Study Courses in 29 Languages:
RUSSIAN JAPANESE SPANISH
PORTUGUESE CHINESE NORWEGIAN
and 23 others

Send for FREE book

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
3 RCA Building, New York • Circle 7-0830

WANTED TO PURCHASE

LINGUAPHONE. Any language. Indicate condition, number of records and books. LANGUAGE, Room 1203, 18 E. 41st St., N. Y. C.

RESORT

A "NEW IDEA" for
DECORATION DAY
RELAXATION-SEEKERS

Unlike most resorts, CAMP COLEBROOK is a small community of lovely lodges facing our lake. You have comfort, privacy, convenience to add to your enjoyment of tennis, handball, archery, baseball, etc. Social activities, dancing, recordings. Topped off by fresh, deliciously prepared foods from nearby farms.

Decoration Day Week-end
3 days, $16.50

Phone Diana or Abe Berman, WAlker 5-7187, or write direct to

CAMP COLEBROOK
COLEBROOK RIVER CONN.

1500 feet up in the Berkshires; formerly an exclusive country club.

SUMMER RENTALS

GRAPE HOLLOW BUNGALOWS
Beautifully furnished, Delightful; Selected Location. Private Swimming, Handball Courts, Etc.
MODEST RATES • 60 MILES FROM N. Y.
8 Miles from Pawling R. R. Station
Telephone Daily 9 to 4
MR. GREENHAUFF HAvemeyer 6-5870

BROOKRIDGE COTTAGES. Commuting distance. Delightful. Tennis, bathing, badminton. Fireplaces, all improvements. Secluded country. Evenings between 5-8, WAtkins 9-0270.

PEEKSKILL. Shopping facilities. Beautiful four-room cottage, completely modern, fireplace, large screened porch, terrace, tennis, swimming pool, garden space. WO 2-1445 or Peekskill 3547M1.

COUNTRY HOMES in mountains. On real farm. All modern improvements. Nicely furnished. Lake on premises. 100 miles from city. Call evenings MO 9-1504.

WESTPORT, Conn.—Bungalow, modern conveniences; tennis, swimming, children's playgrounds; commuting distance. Convenient selling terms. Call evenings, RIverside 9-2511.

INSTRUCTION

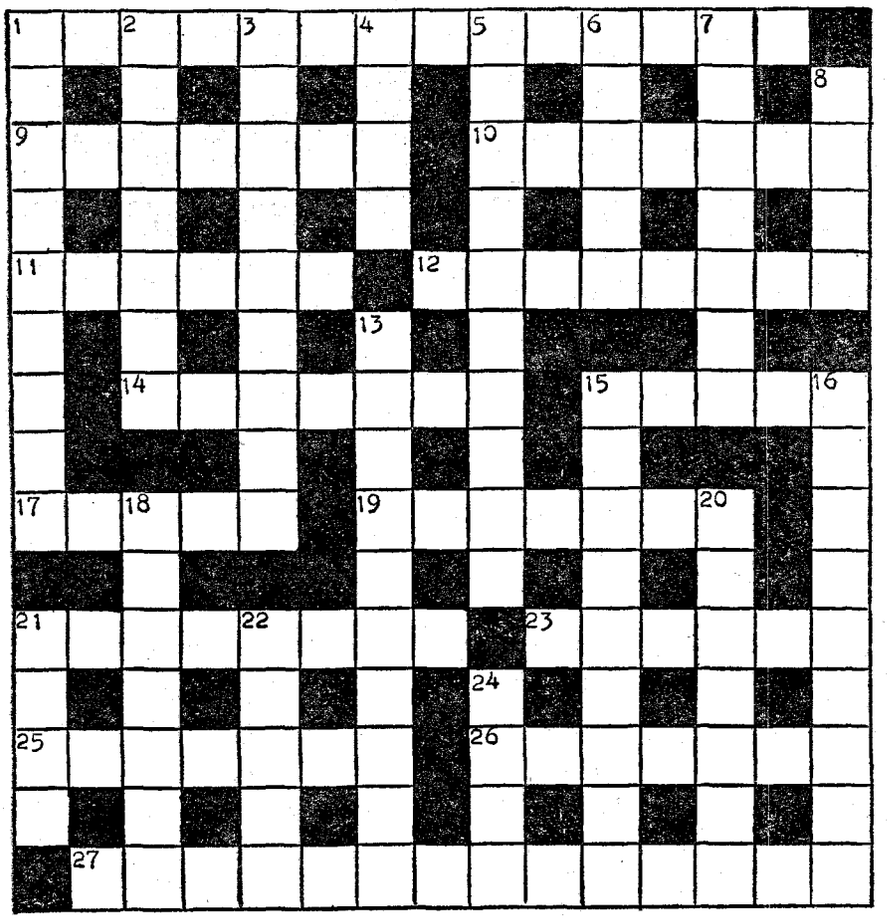
Lady desires exchange Russian lessons, reading French, German for conversational English with cultured middle-aged person. Box 1417, c/o The Nation.

RESORT AND
CAMP ADVERTISING
on page 711 and Inside Back Cover

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 13

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Peerless foreign legislative assembly (three words, 5, 2, 7)
9 Disastrous, but ends with good sense
10 She never told the man who brought down the house to keep his hair on
11 Here the commonest metal I see
12 Sedan was not a name of ill-omen to this man's army
14 "In short, in matters vegetable, animal and - - - - - - -, I am the very model of a modern Major-Gineral" (Pirates of Penzance)
15 Oldest member of the diplomatic corps
17 Lived only on receiving a good turn
19 A case for court consideration
21 Redskins
23 . . . at a tangent, or the handle perhaps (two words, 3, 3)
25 Horizontal arc
26 Take in
27 Strictly a naval military operation (two words, 3, 11)

DOWN

1 Intrepidity, and from the sound of it two writers collaborated in it
2 Wartime solver of the "What to wear" problem
3 Easily moved and carried away
4 Unlike the Mahatma, we break this daily
5 Members of society who are not queer chaps
6 Fewer of them in this war, so perhaps there'll be less language in the Army!
7 In fully (anag.)
8 Member of an old political party
13 Roast pork's cousin? (two words, 7, 3)
15 Close quarters in which partners are often for a long time unaware of each other (two words, 6, 3)
16 Little is seen of this German fighting force (two words, 4, 5)
18 Ma Viper takes on a more fearsome form
20 Correlative of "Too Little"? (two words, 3, 4)
21 Set to catch a tank, perhaps
22 Always on hand, and useful when you want a lift
24 Napoleon routed the Prussians here in 1806

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 12

ACROSS:—1 ADAMS; 6 ADDER; 9 OILSKIN; 10 THIRD; 11 OUTGO; 12 DENOTED; 16 RANGER; 19 LEASES; 22 INAPTNESS; 23 LEAR; 24 PITT; 25 ARISTOTLE; 26 GOLF; 27 REEL; 28 FRACTIONS; 31 DEFEAT; 33 NEEDED; 36 FEUDIST; 39 ABOUT; 40 TWINE; 41 EREMITE; 42 TUTOR; 43 DALES.

DOWN:—1 ALTER; 2 ALIEN; 3 SODDEN; 4 CLAN; 5 SKIT; 6 ANODES; 7 DUTY'S; 8 ROOKS; 13 ERADICATE; 14 OFT-STATED; 15 ELECTIONS; 17 ANEMONE; 18 GIRAFFE; 20 ASPERSE; 21 EXTREME; 29 RAFTER; 30 NETTED; 31 DRAFT; 32 FRONT; 34 DRILL; 35 DUELS; 37 USER; 38 IRIS.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

The Latin American Policy of the United States: An Historical Interpretation. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

Guide to Quaker Practice. By Howard B. Brinton. Pendle Hill. 25 cents.

Shakespeare's Satire. By Oscar James Campbell. Oxford. $3.75.

Winter's Tales. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. $2.50.

A Treasury of American Song. Text by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. Music Arranged by Elie Siegmeister. Knopf. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged with a New Introduction. $5.

Kansas Irish. By Charles B. Driscoll. Macmillan. $2.50.

Short Cut to Tokyo: The Battle for the Aleutians. By Corey Ford. Scribner's. $1.75.

The Fireside Book of Dog Stories. Edited by Jack Goodman. Simon and Schuster. $3.

The Origins and Background of the Second World War. By C. Grove Haines and Ross J. S. Hoffman. Oxford. $4.25.

The Wright Brothers. By Fred C. Kelly. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

Khaki Is More Than a Color. By Sergeant M. H. E. Marsden. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Atlantic Meeting. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Liberty, Employment and No More Wars. By Theodore K. Quinn. Hastings House. $2.50.

—and a Few Marines. By Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribner's. $3.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES:

62c a line (six words)
Minimum 3 lines
$6.16 an inch

DISPLAY ADVERTISING RATES:

By classification, on request

THE NATION
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED